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COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Little Gained

President Syngman Rhee returned to Seoul yesterday with little to show for his intensive discussions in Washington and his appeal to the American people to back his struggle to reunite Korea. Yet his failure does not mean that America has resigned itself to a permanent division of the country. It is obviously still the aim of the Administration to pursue negotiations with the Communists for free, democratic elections at the propitious moment. The difference between the Administration's view and Mr. Rhee's is that one desires the peaceful approach whereas the other has despaired of this method and seeks instead to force the two states by force. If free, democratic elections are concluded successfully in Vietnam within the next two years it is possible the West may decide to ask for a re-opening of the Korean question then. Mr. Rhee's obvious conclusion that America would support its belligerent policies is partly the result of his own misjudgment but the enthusiastic reception he received from the American public must have encouraged this false hope to some extent. On the whole, however, Mr. Rhee has only himself to blame. For he misconstrued this demonstration of genuine affection for himself and his people in their troubles as approval of his policies to renew a war which has already cost thousands of American lives. Now Korea is wondering what their President has achieved in America. Cable reports suggest he will receive increased military aid but not as much as he sought. Obviously America bases its aid programme not on the demands of individual countries but on the opinions of its own officials in the different countries. It is also very probable that Washington carefully examines the uses to which this military aid will be put. The Administration may feel, for instance, that in Formosa's case, increase aid may deter an invasion from the mainland, but that in Korea's case, more arms aid may be an incentive to an unwanted war. Officially, Mr. Rhee is "satisfied" with his visit. His innermost feelings must differ slightly, however, for apart from small material gains he has achieved nothing more than a re-affirmation of Korean-American friendship.

Rastovorov Speaks Major Spy Scandal Predicted In Japan

Washington, Aug. 13. Yuri Rastovorov, Soviet NVD agent who escaped to the Americans from Japan, said at a press conference today that Russian intelligence received information from well-placed sources "high" in the Japanese Government.

His presence on American soil was dramatically disclosed at a press conference at the State Department late today. The agent, who fled from his job as a lieutenant colonel in the Soviet secret service in Japan on January 24, told reporters today he went over to the United States because "I wanted to live like a decent human being."

"I wanted to be treated decently and I wanted to be able to treat other people decently. It is impossible to live like this under Communism. People do not dare treat each other decently or trust each other or to speak freely to each other."

He said since he came to the United States, where he has been kept under cover by American intelligence for almost seven months, he has been interviewed by Japanese officials. He indicated he expected a major scandal to break in Japan soon regarding Soviet espionage rather high in the Government.

When he was first asked how high in the Japanese Government Soviet intelligence sources went, he said, "quite high, quite high." In answering a later question, he amended this to "high, but not quite high."

The former Russian intelligence colonel said: "The political intelligence service in Japan is very active and had many agents."

He said he did not know whether the Soviet secret agents in Japan directed the Japanese Communist party because he was engaged only in gathering "intelligence concerning the internal and external policy of the Government of Japan." He added, however, that the Japanese Communist Party was directed from Moscow by the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

The Soviet Ambassador in Washington, Mr. Georgi Zatrubin, today rebuffed a formal invitation from the State Department to meet face to face Rastovorov.

At a specially called press conference, the State Department spokesman, Mr. Henry Suydam, announced the Department of Justice had granted political asylum to Mr. Rastovorov.—United Press & Reuter.

Protest Action Against New EDC Plans

Paris, Aug. 14. The French Government last night agreed on a compromise on the European Army, but three Gaullist Ministers resigned, a Gaullist spokesman stated.

The three who resigned were General Pierre Koenig, Minister of Defence, M. Jacques Chaban Delmas, Public Works and M. Maurice Lemaire, Reconstruction, the spokesman said.

It is believed they resigned in protest against the compromise plan.

An official spokesman later announced that the Council had adopted conclusions on the European Community which will be transmitted to the Governments of the other five signatories of the treaty—Belgium, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, West Germany and Italy.

Pro-EDC Ministers In Charge

The three Ministers who resigned will not be replaced until the beginning of September, the spokesman said.

Meanwhile their departments will be in temporary charge of three pro-EDC Ministers

M. Emmanuel Temple, moderate Minister for Ex-Servicemen's Affairs, will take charge of National Defence; near-Radical Labour Minister, Claudius Petit, of Reconstruction; and M. Maurice Bourges-Maunoury, Radical Minister of Industry and Commerce, will take Public Works.

SEATO Announcement To Be Made Today

Washington, Aug. 14. Officials said that the United States and seven allied nations would announce today their intention to meet at Baguio, in the Philippines, on September 6 to work out a pact to guarantee the "fabric of peace" in Southeast Asia.

They said that the announcement would be made in Washington and simultaneously in the capitals of the seven other Powers.

These seven are Britain, France, New Zealand, Australia, Pakistan, Thailand and the Philippines.

Both Mr. John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State, and Mr. Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, are expected to attend the conference.

The Foreign Ministers of Australia, New Zealand, Thailand (Siam), the Philippines and Pakistan will also attend the conference to negotiate a treaty to maintain peace and security in the area of Southeast Asia and the Western Pacific, it was learned.

FRANCE REPRESENTED
France will also be represented, though probably not by M. Pierre Mendes-France, who is Foreign Minister as well as Premier.

Officials said that the announcement would give little more than the time, place and purpose of the meeting and would not go into details concerning the type of agreement.

IMPORTANCE

The Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, in his talks with the representatives of the other nations, has placed much importance on economic aspects of the arrangement, it is said.

The American belief is said to be that while military guarantees and arrangements are necessary to freeze the situation and prevent further direct Communist aggression, the long-range security of the area cannot be achieved without a considerable increase in the economic welfare of the inhabitants of the area.—United Press & Reuter.

which the eight Powers would work out at Baguio.

They said that the United States' tentative draft, which was acceptable as it stood to most of the Powers concerned, envisaged a broad arrangement which would not only provide some guarantee against Communist aggression in the area but also would make arrangements to counter Communist infiltration and subversion and provide for economic co-operation in its living standards.

HEADQUARTERS

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HEADQUARTERS

Headquarters said that Fujisawa had asked for advice as they had never before received a similar request.

A spokesman said: "We will advise the Fujisawa Police on what action to take after making a careful study of the application."

Typhoon On Its Way North

Manila, Aug. 13. A tropical storm raging north-east of Basco Island off the northern tip of Luzon was reported today to have intensified into a typhoon.

The Weather Bureau Forecasting Centre this morning issued an International warning for aircraft and ships to avoid the path of the typhoon and to take precautions.

At midnight GMT the typhoon was located at about 620 miles north-east of Basco, Batanes, whipping up 80-mile an hour winds near the centre.

It was reported to be moving west-north-west at nine miles an hour in the general direction of northern Formosa and Okinawa.—United Press.

Britain, U.S. Working On Super Rocket

London, Aug. 13. Responsible British sources said today that the United States and Britain are co-operating in development of a guided missile which may produce a trans-Atlantic rocket, capable of

destroying the Chinese mainland and coastal areas.

China had reportedly declared its readiness to establish diplomatic relations with any country on the basis of the principles of equality and respect for territorial integrity and sovereignty and had in international affairs worked for mankind.

HOSTILE POSITION

"However, the aggressive circles in the United States, unable to reconcile themselves to the fact that the reactionary rule of the Chiang Kai-shek clique has been overthrown by the Chinese people, have taken a consistent position of hostility towards the 800 million liberated people of China directing against them armed intervention and the threat of war."

NO ONE WILL SAY

Exactly when the experiments are to be carried out, no one is yet prepared to say. But from the designation of observation posts, it has been deduced that the experimental missiles may be launched from somewhere in Florida toward the Antarctic.

No one here is saying whether the experimental long-range rocket is an American or a British development.—United Press.

"The tasks before us are...to take determined action on the liberation of Taiwan (Formosa) so as to safeguard China's sovereignty and territorial integrity," further to work with the other nations concerned for

AMERICAN WANTS NUDIST COLONY IN JAPAN

Tokyo, Aug. 13. National Police Headquarters here said today an American had filed an application with the police in Fujisawa City, 30 miles from Tokyo, for permission to operate a nudist colony in the city.

Headquarters said that according to the police, the applicant stated he wished to create a "Garden of Eden" which would be "suitably fenced" to keep out peeping Toms.

The applicant stated that membership of his "Eden" would be restricted to married couples and their children.—Reuter.

SHELL

72 MILLION MILES AHEAD

Only after 72 million miles of road tests, using every type of engine, was I.C.A. (Ignition Control Additive) put on the market. The unique properties of Shell Gasoline with I.C.A. result in smoother running, more power and longer spark plug life. Try it and see!



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Alleged Fraud

HK Police Asked To Inquire

Singapore, Aug. 13. The Singapore Police have asked the Hongkong Police to help in inquiries into an alleged fraud in which nine Singapore Banks are reported to have been swindled of various sums totalling M \$1 Million.

The fraud is said to have been uncovered when a consignment of "textiles" which arrived from Hongkong was opened and found to contain toothpicks.

A man believed to be involved in the fraud has disappeared. One bank has taken high court proceedings, resulting in the sealing off of the premises of a Chinese firm in Southbridge Road.—Peking-Press.

Ike's Support Unlikely For Anti-Red Bill

Washington, Aug. 13. President Eisenhower's Administration will request leaders of the House of Representatives not to endorse a Senate bill outlawing the Communist Party of the United States, some Congressional quarters said today.

The bill, passed unexpectedly by 85 votes to 10 in the Senate last night, is opposed by the Department of Justice and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They fear it would only drive the Communist Party underground. Questions have also been raised as to whether the measure was constitutional.

Ho called for resolute opposition to SEATO by all the states concerned in the interests of peace in Indo-China.

The Geneva conference had shown international disputes could be settled by peaceful litigation, he said.

The policy of strength pursued by the United States was being increasingly ousted by the principle of peaceful co-existence and there were even now hopes for a political settlement of the Korean issue.

Improvement in the relationship between China and the United Kingdom brought about at Geneva would help to increase the possibility of normal relations between China and the countries of the West, Mr. Chou En-lai went on.—Reuter.

A SURPRISE

The outlawing action, which must receive House approval before it can become effective, came as a surprise to the Eisenhower Administration.

It was clear that election year politics had played a major part in the Senate's decision.

With Congressional elections pending next November, no senator found it politically possible to go on record as voting against such anti-Communist action.—Reuter.

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TO-DAY



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MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW KING
at 11.30 A.M.
A Full Length Cartoon in Technicolor

"THE ROSE OF BAGHDAD"

FREE Ico Cold Aerated Water To All Patrons with compliments of the NEW YORK AERATED WATER FACTORY

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RKO-DISNEY Full-length Technicolor Cartoon

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Falcon Films present RANJAN • BHARATI in "BAGHDAD"

with SABU, the talking pony

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DEAN MARTIN - JERRY LEWIS
in the hilarious story by DALE RUNYON

HAL WALLIS MONEY FROM HOME

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THEY'RE IN THE MOVIES NOW!
M-G-M
LUCILLE BALL DESI ARNAZ
THE LONG LONG TRAILER
A JAZZED-UP COMEDY ON A HONEYMOON IN A HOTTIE TANNOO
Also, Latest "NEWS OF THE DAY".

FILMS - CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

At the ROXY and BROADWAY, "WEST OF ZANZIBAR" has followed Silvana Mangano's "ANNA", while the EMPIRE's current show is "MURDER WITHOUT TEARS".

The LEE and GREAT WORLD have "BORDER RIVER", which I told you about last week, and after that they're following the fashion and showing an Italian picture called "THE MISTRESS OF TREVES".

Continental films are represented at the KING'S and PRINCESS by "THE LOVERS OF VERONA" and there may be a short repeat during next week at these two cinemas of "YOU KNOW WHAT SAILORS ARE" (Donald Sinden, Akim Tamiroff etc.)

The mystery preview of "THE LONG, LONG TRAILER" at the CAPITOL having accomplished its aim — i.e. to stimulate interest in the picture — it's now showing there; the next change will be to "QUO VADIS".

At the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA drama in the air gives way to "THE MIAMI STORY" with "DESTINATION TOKYO" as the follow-on.

"99 RIVER STREET" is showing at the HOOVER Theatre.

"WEST OF ZANZIBAR" is a sequel to "WHERE NO VULTURES FLY" and is described as a new adventure.

Several of the comments I have read on this picture accuse the film company who produced it of giving the public very much the mixture as before. Possibly they have, but then, aren't all adventure tales very similar in character?

How many Spanish galleons have you seen burning down to sea level in stories of piracy on the high seas, or redskins biting the dust in a western, or sultry saioon songstresses in gold rush tales?

No, all the ingredients in adventure pictures have long since been combind, separated, re-hashed and re-served many times over—it's merely the treatment that changes now.

As the story writer, director and producer are the same, and the locality too—what is more feasible than that "WEST OF ZANZIBAR" should be very much like "WHERE NO VULTURES FLY"—and who minds, if the latter was to your taste, the former will be as well.

Anthony Steel is once more the central character

IVORY POACHING

The story is of ivory poaching (and in this it bears resemblance to "A VENGEANCE IN THE JUNGLE") with, thrown in, a high minded Game Warden who tries to save an African tribe from the fatal allure of town life and easy money. The dignified tribal chieftain is none other than the negro singer Eddie Connor.

The trail of the poachers leads Anthony Steel through native bazaars, rivers, jungles and swamps and provides plenty of scope for the camera. In fact it might almost be called the photographer's picture.

Sheila Sim, as Mrs Game Warden, isn't called upon to do much more than behave understandingly when the occasion demands it and look rather frail.

The Press Book says:—

"Some of the battle scenes, and the sequence showing the debauchery introduced by Golo into the Castle of Treves, took more than four months to film."

ILL-STARR'D LOVERS

Fancy! "THE LOVERS OF VERONA" takes place in Italy, but the treatment is French.

In spite of Martine Carol's name appearing prominently the real lovers are Anouk and Reggiani.

Anouk you've seen her before in "THE GOLDEN SALAMANDER" with Trevor Howard, but Reggiani you probably won't recall.

There is a tragic love story, like Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel in "KISS ME

Connie."

The MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.00 NOON

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IN TECHNICOLOR!

ALSO: TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

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LEE • GREAT WORLD

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9.30 P.M.

GREAT WORLD

TO-DAY AT 2.30,

5.30, 7.30 &

9.30 P.M.

MIGHTY MOUSE COLOUR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 cts.

COMING SOON

THE LOVE STORY THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD

THE MISTRESS OF TREVES

TO-DAY AT 2.30,

5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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TO-MORROW AT 12.30 P.M.

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MORNING SHOW

TO-MORROW AT 12.30 P.M.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

How Gregory Peck, A Film Director And A Cheque Book Changed Youghal (Eire) Into New Bedford, Mass.

Even the "little people," the Leprechauns and the fairies, are learning to say "colossal" and "stupendous" in Youghal.

For there hasn't been so much excitement in the town since Sir Walter Raleigh's housekeeper thought he was on fire when he was smoking his pipe and doused him with a bucket of water.

Tramcars Vie With The Earthquakes

Montreal.

A Jesuit priest who operates a home-made earthquake recorder is having trouble with Montreal's street-cars.

The Rev. Maurice Buist, physics professor at St. John's De Brebeuf College for 23 years, knew nothing about earthquakes two years ago, but during the past eight months he has charted tremors originating 12,000 miles away.

Installed in a basement room at the college is his seismograph, an instrument as sensitive as any in the world. Father Buist notes, however, Montreal isn't the best place to study earthquakes.

"Street-cars are the main trouble," he said. "They shake things up so much it's impossible to run the instruments."

The observatory opened here last November, after Father Buist borrowed several precision instruments from the Dominion Observatory in Ottawa.

This summer Father Buist plans to build a separate seismological station on the campus. It will be linked by teletype to Goodale Survey headquarters in Washington D.C., and will be in direct contact with the Dominion Observatory.

IN A DARK ROOM

At the college now are two vertical photographic seismometers and one horizontal electronic seismometer. A seismometer uses a pendulum to measure the force and duration of earthquake waves.

The instruments rest in a darkened room on cement piles driven into bedrock beneath the college. When waves reach them they shake slightly, but the pendulums remain inert. Energy thus generated is transformed into electricity and a galvanometer measures the strength of the current.

This moves a beam of light over a slowly rotating drum of photographic paper. When developed, the path of light becomes a visible record of the earth's pulse.

Already quakes have been recorded, and on the first day the instruments were installed the entire course of an earthquake in Guatemala was charted.

In building the new station Father Buist will first sink a cement pier into rock on the site.

"Luckily for us," he said, "only a foot of earth covers the north side of Mount Royal where the college stands. Of course we will have to dig through another foot of cracked surface rock before we reach the solid stuff."

When finished the station will become the 38th such observatory operated in various parts of the world by Jesuits, and it will concentrate on the study of local tremors which average about 40 a year.

"But I'm only an amateur," says Father Buist. "A young Montreal Jesuit leaves this autumn to study seismology at St. Louis University in Missouri. I'm getting the station ready for the day he returns."—United Press.

Anglo-U.S. Disagreement Over A 'Welcome' Sign

London.

A cheery American signboard of welcome gave U.S. Air Force authorities and British civil aviation Ministry officials a bad time recently, it was revealed.

The signboard is used by American officials at Bovingdon, England, to greet American planes arriving at the air base there.

The United States Air Force, Bovingdon, England, welcomes you! The huge sign reads. Officials trudged through every time an American plane arrives.

Only July 13, they decided to change the signboard to read: Welcome to Bovingdon, England, United Kingdom.

Raleigh's residence, where the housekeeper helped launch, so to speak, the tobacco industry — and where Raleigh planted the first "Irish potato"—used to be Youghal's No. 1 tourist sight.

But that was before John Huston and Gregory Peck got here.

Villagers remembered the day well. Huston the tall, lean director of *Moulin Rouge* and other spectacular films, scanned the sleepy water front of the old port and announced: "This is New Bedford, Massachusetts."

"Poor man," murmured Seamus Kelly, mindful that they spent three days looking into the Irish tavern situation. Then, as drama critic and columnist for the *Irish Times* in Dublin, Kelly pointed out as his journalistic duty that it was not New Bedford, Mass., at all, but an old Irish seaport.

I'll Make It'

"Seamus," said John firmly, "the trouble with New Bedford, Mass., is that it does not look like New Bedford."

Later he clarified this. He meant that it didn't look like the New Bedford of the whaling days of Herman Melville's whaling classic *Moby Dick*.

"Neither does Youghal," (pronounced *Yawl*), said Seamus. "I'll make it," said Huston, extracting a cheque book.

Youghal Invaded

Designers, technicians, carpenters and builders invaded Youghal, and the houses of the

Kelly Shanghaied

As for Seamus Kelly, he wishes he had kept his mouth shut. Huston piled him with Gaelic coffee (heavily laced with a potent liquid) until he found himself shanghaied in front of a camera, clutching a contract for a leading role.

"I haven't the qualifications for an actor," protested Seamus.

"You have for this role," said John, "you play a hard-drinking type."

So a star is born.—United Press.

A Starling's Squawk (Broadcast Over The Radio) Rids A Town Of A Starling Scourge (So The City Fathers Hope)

Creston, Iowa.

Some people were sceptical, but others were convinced that the cry of a startled starling broadcast around town via radio, would rid Creston of its scourge of starlings.

A trial run of "Operation Starling" appeared successful to some residents but left others unconvinced.

"Starlings by the thousands descend upon this Southwest Iowa town (population 8,400) at dusk on summer evenings. Residents haven't been able to get rid of them.

So a starling was captured and its startled squawking recorded. Then the Chamber of Commerce announced plans to drive the birds away.

A local radio station will play the recording for five minutes at 7:55 p.m.

Loud As Possible

All residents have been asked to put their radios in their

windows and turn them up as loud as possible in an effort to rid the town of the birds.

A mass meeting was held recently in McKinley Park to demonstrate the plan.

E. M. Hornig, the Manager of the radio station, played the recording over a loudspeaker mounted on his car. Within 15 seconds all starlings left the area.

But some residents were still sceptical. They wanted to try it in a more heavily-infested area.

So the recording was taken to the West side where the starling population is greatest.

Out of Earshot

John Hall, Executive Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, said the birds left in a hurry and flew about two blocks away, where they couldn't hear the recording.

He said that proved everyone in town will have to co-operate or some of the birds may take up residence in areas where they are not now frequenting.

Hall said some birds flew back after the record was stopped, but did an about face when they approached trees they had been in when the recording started.

Officials now hope the recording will not only send the birds flying out of town, but will keep them out.—United Press.

The British pointed out it was a British airfield.

Police removed the sign and the Russians arrived without an American welcome. But the U.S. force continued to stand over the after.

Today the sign was put in the Air Force base, and an American official conceded that "After all, it's not our country."—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



A SPECIAL OFFER OF INTEREST TO...

MEN WHO WANT THE BEST AND HAVE ECONOMY IN MIND!

A FEW OF THE BARGAINS

WINTER WEIGHT WORSTED 3 pc. suit reduced from \$475 to \$350.

TROPICAL WORSTED 2 pc. suit reduced from \$375 to \$250.

PANAMA 2 pc. suit reduced from \$250 to \$195.

Don't miss this wonderful offer!

WATCH THE GREEN TICKET BARGAIN WINDOWS AT—

Lane, Crawford's
(LANE CRAWFORD LTD.)

Peking Restaurant
No. 1 GREAT GEORGE ST., C.P.
TEL. 71147
FAMOUS PEKING DUCK AND CHINESE DISHES
WE HOLD THE SECRET CUISINE OF THE ANCIENT PALACE IN PEKING AS HANDLED DOWN THROUGH THE AGES.

**TO-DAY MAJESTIC AT 2:30, 5:30,
ONLY 7:30 & 9:30 P.M.**
THE 8 BEST OF ACADEMY AWARD WINNERS!
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

TO-MORROW! "CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS"
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12:30 P.M.
TYRONE POWER in "RAWHIDE"
SUSAN HAYWARD At Reduced Prices: \$1.00, 70 cts & 40 cts.

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DUTCH BABY



HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



LORD VIVIAN, London theatrical producer, who was found with gunshot wounds in his stomach and wrist in the garden of a cottage at Potterne, Wiltshire, recently. (Express)



GILLIAN ARDIZZONE, niece of the artist Edward Ardizzone, who has just taken up modelling in London. She is 21 and says modelling is exciting but hard work. (Express)



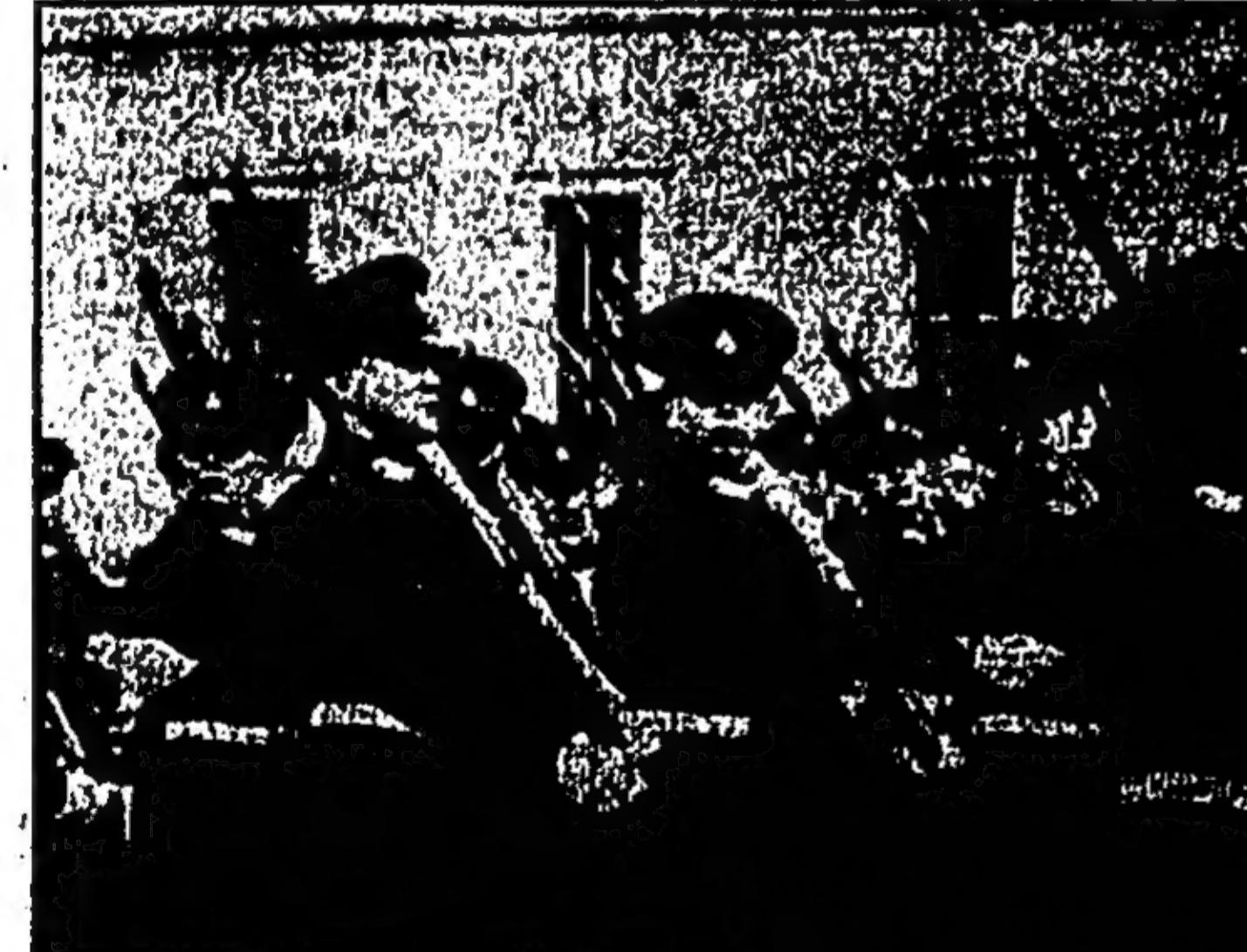
COPY-CAT! That's my style! indignantly points out toussle-haired Shirley Hucklebridge, aged 12 months, to the hirsute Rags, an Old English Sheepdog, at a Bristol show. But Rags, at 15 months, is too much the thoroughbred to reply he had the style first. (Reuterphoto)

RIGHT: Bearded and sunburned, 25-year-old Sebastian Snow, Amazon explorer, arrives at London Airport after a trip during which he discovered a lost city in the Andes. Snow described the city as being three miles round the base wall and three-quarters of a mile from the wall to the summit. It is in very bad state, and Snow believes it to be pre-Inca. (Express)



HOLIDAY girls enjoying themselves in the Lake District, watching the yachts on Lake Windermere against the lovely undulating backdrop of this beautiful corner of England.

BELOW: At the annual camp at Shorncliffe, Kent, of the TA Regiment of 57th Middlesex General Hospital. Most important part of the training is treatment of casualties in the field. Here a "blood transfusion" is being given to a man suffering an abdominal wound. (Army News).



SIR Gordon Richards, the champion jockey who has announced his retirement, waves to other patients on leaving the Rowley Bristow Hospital, Pyrford, near Woking.

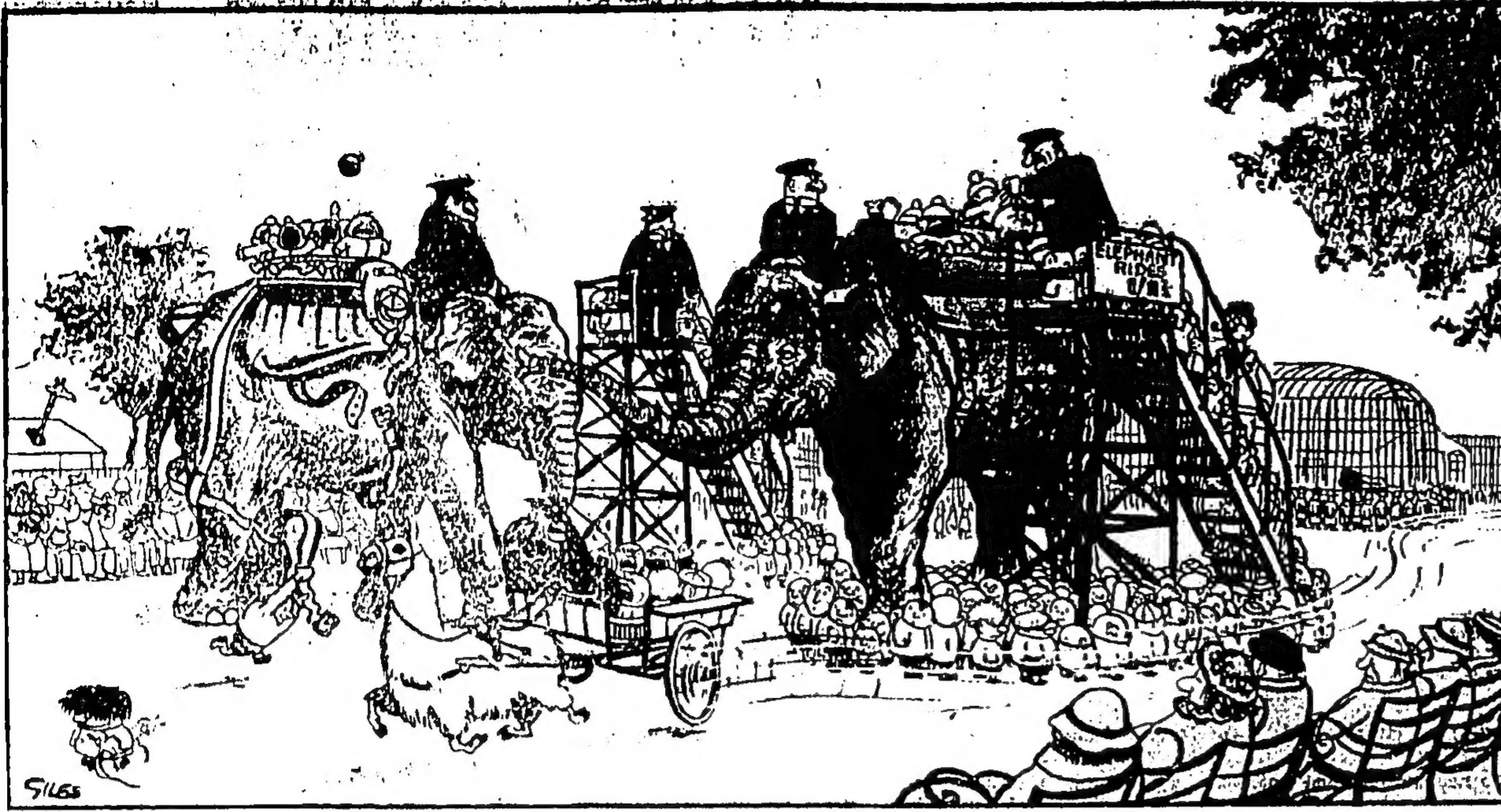


NANCY



By ERNIE BUSHMILLER





"Want to make holiday headlines? Pick one up in your trunk and fling him over the lion house."

London Express Service

HE'S SIXTY BUT CAN'T STOP PLAYING TENNIS

By Tom Eyton

IN this retirement conscious world where most men approach 60 long for cosy slippers and easy chairs, an occasional heretic sneers at the contented inactivity of his own generation by proving himself as fit and virile as those 30 and 40 years younger.

Such a man is Raul Canavarro, the 60-year-old tennis pro who says to retirement: "I would kill him. Doctors and men of science have written thousands of words to prove that a man in his sixties should slow down. Take things easy, they say. Sit back and relax. Now perhaps that is sound advice to normal men but it doesn't apply to a human dynamo like Canavarro. At least not while he can still go on to the tennis courts and give a drubbing to men 40 years younger than himself. Most men his age are content to do nothing more strenuous than cultivate roses.

CRUSADE

It is almost as if he were trying to organise the over 60 brigade in a crusade, not only against the learned men who insist retirement is essential, but also against Old Father Time himself. Canavarro, much as he would like to, cannot put back the clock, but at least he is proving in the words of the songs "Just how happy one can be, doing what comes naturally".

To most men his age it has been a hectic day if they have a brisk walk to the club, for a game of bowls. Yet Canavarro would think he was getting soft if he couldn't play tennis, one of the most strenuous of ball games, for several hours each week. He has been playing tennis for half a century now, and he looks good for another fifty years.

REWARDING

What has Canavarro achieved during his years of toil beneath the sun? Certainly not spectacular success. True, he has done exceptionally well in local tennis circles but he never impressed as a world beater. Yet he has served his sport well. Not as a crowd pleaser who earns a little reputation in the pool but, he was hurt

by sensationalism but in a more lasting and more rewarding way. Canavarro has exceptional gifts as a coach. His own personal skill and shrewd judgment, combined with the gift for imparting that knowledge, have enabled him to spread the gospel of tennis to younger people. He has taught them the finer points of the game, breathing into them a little of his own enthusiasm.

I first met Canavarro at the Ladies' Recreation Club, one of the clubs at which he coaches. Arriving 15 minutes after his period of coaching was due to end, I thought by doing so, he would have time in which to shower and change. But had he? No, not Canavarro. Two hours of coaching and a strenuous game beneath a scorching sun had not made him watch the clock. With beads of perspiration still on his brow, he was deep in conversation with a young member. His face, so full of expression, showed that deep thought was being given to the question in hand—the vitally important problem of choosing the right tennis racket.

RIVAL

On the way to the changing room he gazed at the swimming pool which at the day was hot was full of young swimmers. He sighed and shook his head. I gathered Canavarro didn't like the pool. It was his rival. To him it was all a great conspiracy with the heat and the swimming pool working hand in glove against him and his beloved tennis. Together they were luring the youngsters away from the tennis courts, where they belonged, to the cool waters which Canavarro sincerely believes are only for mermaids.

A youngsters in his early teens came into the changing room. Canavarro continued to tell me about his playing days, but at the same time he watched the boy change into shorts and t-shirt, brandish a tennis racket and go down to the nets and practice, or would choose swimming trunks and a cool dip. To Canavarro the question was vitally important and when the pool won, he was hurt

In explanation he said, "I don't mind them swimming, but . . ." He sought for words, but obviously he just could not understand someone preferring swimming (or anything else for that matter) to tennis. Then as an afterthought it came to him: "Ah, the heat."

That is the secret of his vitality, the inability to believe in anything but tennis. Around this game revolves his whole life and he himself says without it he would die. As a boy he fell in love with the game. As the years rolled by the fascination became stronger and more compelling. He has given it all he has . . . his reward has been the happiness in doing what he loves best. Fitness and health have come automatically.

Canavarro is a real-life Peter Pan. His body and brain have matured and reached manhood, but for all that he has refused to grow up. All boys find a hero whom they worship. Most likely he will be a great sportsman or a mountaineer, or a soldier. To him they give an unwavering loyalty and devotion and woe betide anyone so lacking in understanding as to attack this hero. Canavarro's hero was not a man but a game, and, unlike other boys, he never grew out of the phase, in order to seek riches and power. The loyalty and devotion are there to this day for all to see.

Canavarro was born in Macao. His father was a Colonel and Raul has inherited the same military bearing. He soon took an interest in tennis and at the age of ten he decided to play the game, and play it well. He started to practise in the Army parade ground and after the soldiers had finished marching, young recruits together with some friends rigged up a tennis

court. Two bamboo poles with a mosquito net slung between them made an admirable net and the necessary lines were just left to the imagination.

His early love of the game was enough to overcome all the difficulties and problems



Canavarro snapped on the courts this week. (Staff Photographer)

Thirteen must have been his lucky number for at that age he first won the championship of Macao. To qualify for the finals it was necessary to win three games and account for all the other contenders. Then, in boxing, you challenge the champ. Canavarro held the championship until he left Macao to go to Shanghai in 1915.

Canavarro became a caddy in the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank. Still playing tennis as an amateur he reached the semi-finals of the Shanghai championship in 1916.

Canavarro was to play club tennis until he turned professional in 1922. His decision to join the paid ranks ended a long run of interport honours for he had represented Shanghai in all games since 1920. On turning pro he started a tennis school and at the same time took a job with a sports goods company. Here he was in his element, revelling amidst the very best equipment and showing the customers the goods best suited to their needs.

INVASION

He also tried his hand at promoting tennis matches and staged games between the Wimbledon stars Bill Tilden and Ellsworth Vines. Another tennis great who teamed up with Canavarro was the French ace, Henri Cochet.

World War II and the Japanese invasion ruined Canavarro financially. When China was overrun, Canavarro, along with others, lost all he had. He had built his tennis school into a thriving concern and with the support of influential people he was all set to reap the rewards of years of saving, only to see it all smashed by the ruthless invader.

When Canavarro left Shanghai in 1948 he became coach at the LRC as well as several other leading clubs. And after seven years of teaching tennis in Hongkong he has very definite and decided ideas about the standard of play hero.

EMPHATIC

"The material is there, but so too, are the difficulties. The facilities are very poor. Young players are not encouraged to take up the game seriously. The older members always have first use of the courts. That is wrong."

Canavarro is most emphatic about this point. "Why should young boys and girls have to play in the afternoon when the sun is hottest, or late in the evening when it is too dark to see?"

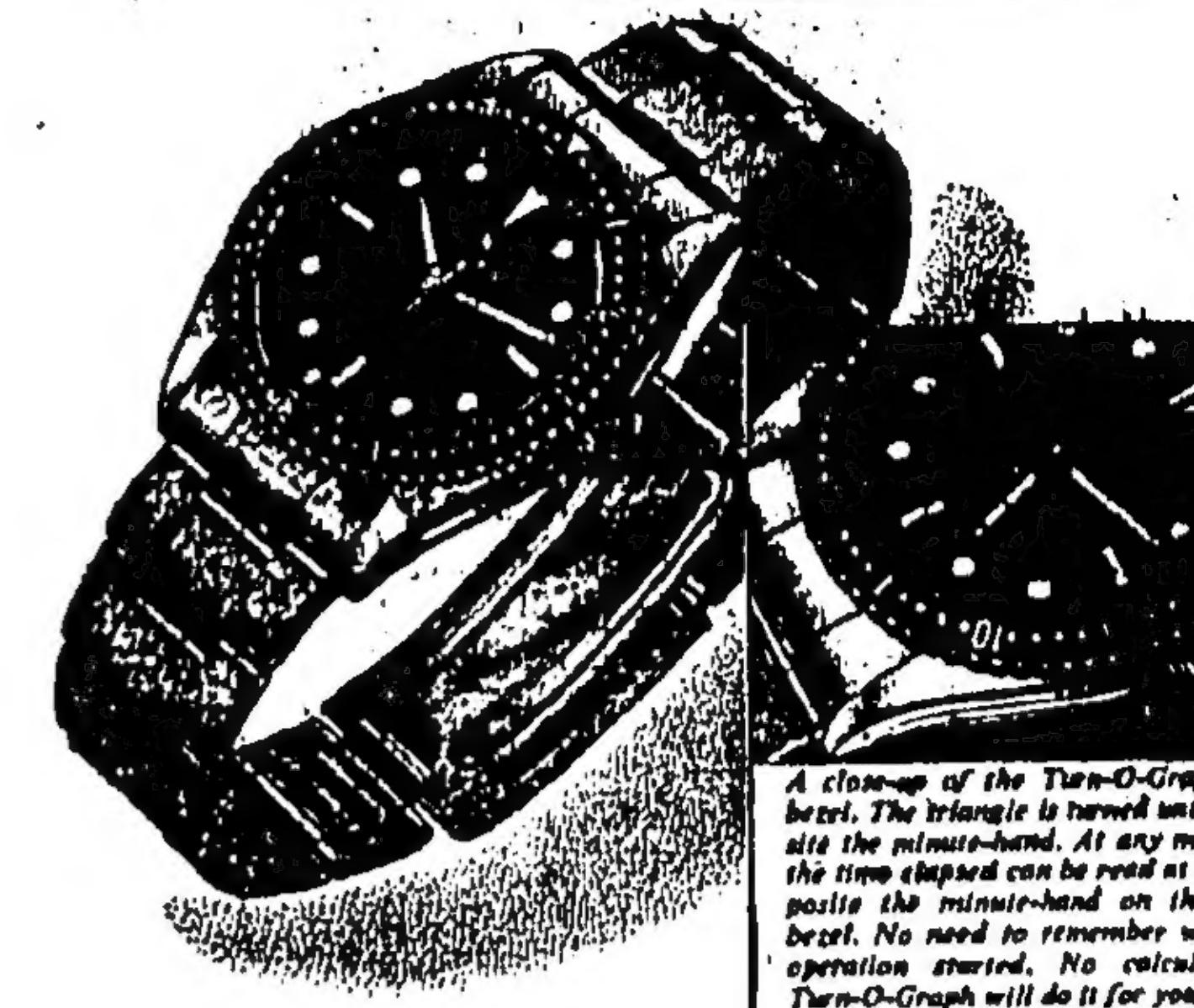
Canavarro's greatest ambition

is to show the younger generation how to get the best out of the game.

Canavarro says: "So many schools to teach little girls how to dance nicely, yet not one where youngsters can learn to play tennis. That is the pity. In Macao, we used to play

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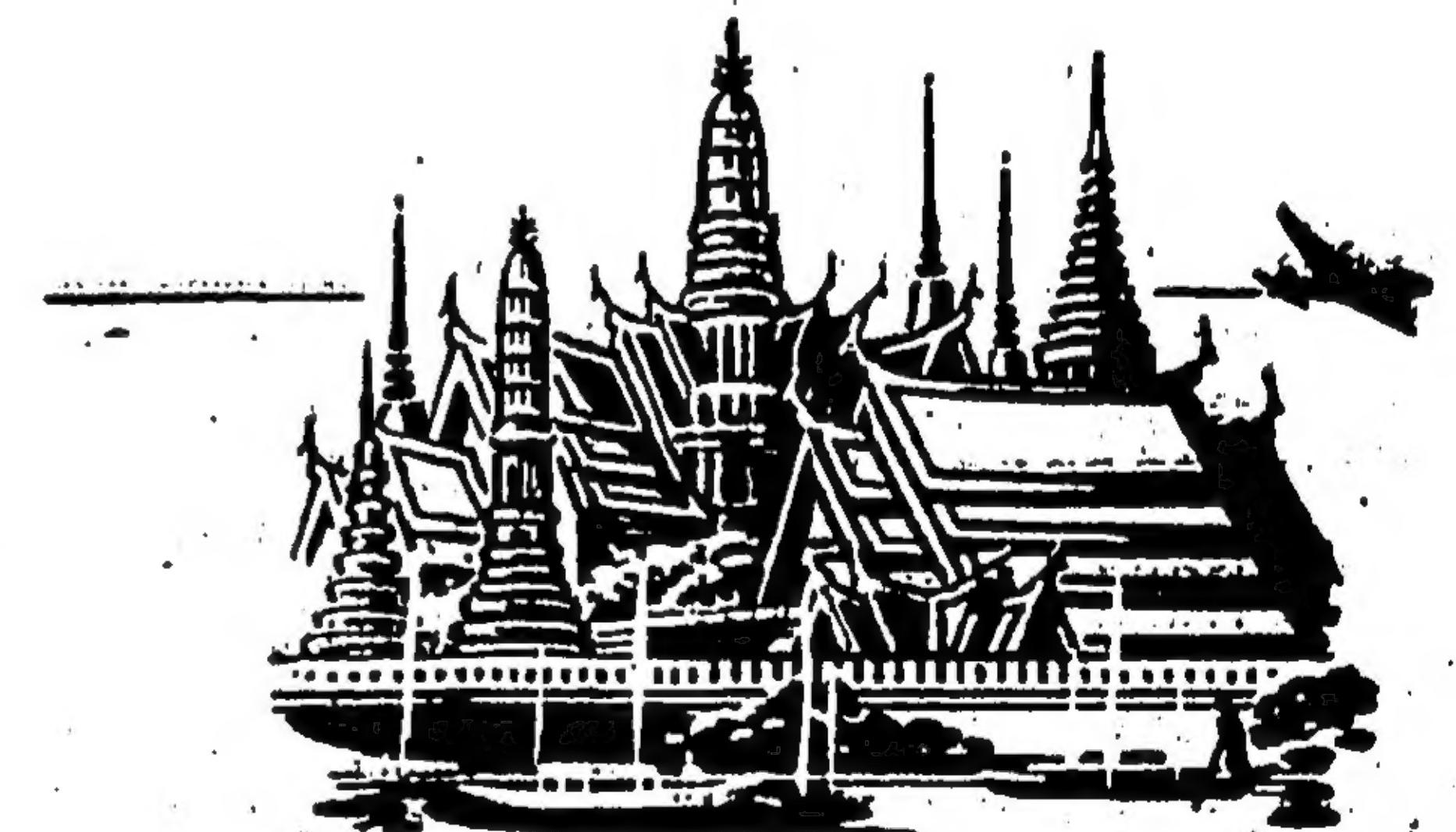
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WING COMMANDER DOUGLAS BADER, the legless fighter ace with a reputation of invincibility, is shot down at last on a sweep over France. A prisoner in hospital at St. Omer, he takes stock of his position. He must let his wife, Thelma, know that he is still alive. And he must try to replace the metal leg he lost when his plane crashed. He solves both problems by asking the Germans to radio England for a new leg. Then he starts planning to escape and asks Lucille, a French girl working in the hospital, if she can help him. Meanwhile, the Germans find the damaged leg in the wreckage of Bader's aircraft and repair it.

In the morning Lucille came in with the usual bread and coffee. The sentry lounged in the doorway.

Bader grinned a cheerful "Bon jour" at her, and then the grin nearly slipped as he felt her pressing a piece of paper into his palm. He closed his fingers round it and slid the clenched fist under the bedclothes. It was very quick. She said nothing, but her mouth lifted in a pale smile as she went out of the room. The door closed behind the sentry.

Half under the clothes, Bader unfolded the paper and read, written in French in a clear, child-like hand:

"My son will be waiting outside the hospital gates every night from midnight until 2 a.m. He will be smoking a cigarette. We wish to help a friend of France."

It was signed "J. Bieque." He tucked the note in the breast pocket of the nightshirt and stuffed a handkerchief on top. It was red hot. Somehow he must get rid of it. He knew that the person who bravely signed a name to it was liable to death, Lucille, too.

Now how the hell to get out of the hospital? And he must get his clothes back! Couldn't walk round the town in a white night-shirt. Pretend he was walking in his sleep! With tin legs sticking out under his night-shirt! Silly thoughts chased their tails in his head.

Must get clothes and must destroy the note.

He had his pipe and matches. Reaching out he picked up his tin legs from the wall, lifted his nightshirt, strapped them on and walked out of the door. The sentry stood in his way. He pointed to the lavatory and the sentry nodded.

Inside the lavatory he closed the door, struck a match and burned the note, holding it by one corner till it was all wrinkled and charred, then dropped the ashes into the pan and flushed it.

Sentry gaped

WALKING back

up the corridor, the sentry gaped at him all the way and he knew angrily and self-consciously how he looked in the nightshirt with the legs underneath. It was then that the idea struck him.

When the doctor came in later, Bader said in a voice of sweet reason: "Look, I've got my legs back now but I just can't walk around in them legs," the Count said. "With the permission of Reichsmarschall Goering, the Luftwaffe has

planned about the gaping sentry. "I'm sure you'll understand," he went on winningly. "I must to give a British aeroplane unhave some clothes to wear. restricted passage to fly your Even in bed this nightshirt's a leg. We have given them a

cheerful little party.

Bader liked them both; they were "types" after his own heart and he would have liked to have had them in his wing.

"Soon you may have three legs now but I just can't walk around in them legs," the Count said. "With the permission of Reichsmarschall Goering, the Luftwaffe has

planned about the gaping sentry. "I'm sure you'll understand," he went on winningly. "I must to give a British aeroplane unhave some clothes to wear. restricted passage to fly your Even in bed this nightshirt's a leg. We have given them a

height and a course and a time to drop it over St. Omer."

Bader gave a rich belly-chuckle. "I bet they drop it with bombs," he said. "They don't need any unrestricted passage."

The Count grinned amably and raised his glass. "We will be ready," he promised. "Let us hope the next leg will not be shot down."

There was another thing he said. The Oberleutnant Galland, who commanded at their airfield, Wissant, near St. Omer, sent his compliments to Oberleutnant Bader and liked him to come and have tea with them.

Bader was intrigued. It would be churlish to refuse, and in any case he would love to meet Galland (probably they had already met in the air). It brought a breath of chivalry lost from modern war. And it was a chance to spy out the country, to see the other side, life on an enemy fighter station, to weigh it up and compare it. Might get back home with a 109!

"I'd be delighted to come," he said.

"Good," beamed the Count. "A car will come for you." Agreeably they finished the second bottle.

Officers' mess

A CAR came bearing a bald little engineering officer, who sat by him all the 15 miles to Wissant. It was a sunny day and it felt good to be out. They drew up in front of an attractive country farmhouse of red brick. German officers stood outside—it was the officers' mess. As Bader got out a good-looking man about his own age, dark-haired and with little moustache, stopped forward. He had burn marks round the eyes

and a lot of medals on his tunic.

The Knight's Cross with Oak Leaves and Swords—almost Germany's highest decoration—hung round his neck. He put out his hand and said "Galland."

Galland put out his own hand, "Oh, how d'you do. My name is Douglas Bader." Galland did not speak English, and the engineering officer interpreted.

A lot of others stepped forward in turn, clicking their heels as they were introduced. Galland led him off, trailed by the others, down a garden path lined with shrubs into a long low arbour. Bader was surprised to see it filled with an elaborate model railway on a big raised platform.

Galland pressed a button and little trains whirred past little stations, rattling over points, past signals, through tunnels and model cuttings. Eyes sparkling, Galland turned to Bader, looking like a small boy having fun. "The interpreter," said:

"This is the Herr Oberleutnant's favourite place where he is not flying. It is a replica of Reichsmarschall Goering's railway, but of course the Reichsmarschall's is much bigger."

After playing a little while with that, Galland led him and the others several hundred yards along hedge-lined paths to the low, three-sided blast walls of an aircraft pen. In it stood an Me 109.

Bader looked at it fascinated, and Galland made a polite gesture for him to climb in. He surprised them by the way he hauled himself on to the wing-root, grabbed his right leg and swung it into the cockpit and climbed in unaided. As he cast a glinting professional eye over the cockpit lay-out, Galland leaned in and pointed things out. Mad thoughts about starting up and slamming the throttle on for a reckless take-off surged through Bader's mind.

Lifting his head, he could see no signs of the airfield. He turned to the interpreter. "Would you ask the Herr Oberleutnant if I can take off and try little trip in this thing?"

Galland chuckled and answered. The interpreter grinned at Bader. "He says that if you do he'll be taking off right after you."

"All right," Bader said, looking a little too eagerly at Galland. "Let's have a go."

Galland chuckled again, and said that he was on duty at the moment.

As he stepped out of the 109, Bader looked across the country and saw the sea. Far beyond he thought he could glimpse the white cliffs of Dover.

The door opened

THEY had tea in the farm-house mess, waiters in white coats bringing sandwiches and real English tea (probably captured). It could have been a RAF mess except that all the other uniforms were wrong. The atmosphere was wrong, too, which was understandable. Everyone smiled, exuding good will, but it was a little strained and formal and the talk was stilted. With Galland there no one seemed to speak much.

Galland gave him a tin of English tobacco, and when he took him out to the car said: "It has been good to meet you. I'm afraid you will find it different in prison camp, but if there is ever anything I can do, please let me know."

He smiled warmly, shook hands, clicked his heels and bowed. At a discreet distance behind, everyone else clicked their heels and bowed. Bader got into the car with the little engineer and they drove back to the hospital.

The engineer officer took him back up to the ward, shook hands, clicked his heels and bowed himself out. Then the door opened and a German soldier wearing a coal-scuttle helmet came in.

The soldier, who must have been awaiting his return, saluted and said in atrocious English: "Herr Wing Commander, tomorrow morning at eight o'clock you will be pleased to be ready because you go to Germany."

After the tour Galland sent Bader a snapshot of the scene, and only then did he discover that a German officer beside the cockpit had been pointing a heavy pistol at him all the time he sat there.

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"Reach for the Sky" by Paul Brickhill is published by Collins.

Next Wednesday: ESCAPE!

BADER DRINKS WITH THE LUFTWAFFE

... and asks for a flight in a 109



By PAUL BRICKHILL

and a lot of medals on his tunic.

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The door opened

THESE SCOTS DON'T MIND LOSING MONEY HERE

By J. W. TAYLOR

high standards meant further losses: 1949, £24,207; 1951, £38,834; last year, £218,902. Donations from the Arts Council, its Scottish Centre, the city corporation, private contributors and revenue from the concurrent Military Tattoo have helped square the annual accounts.

HUMAN HAPPINESS

There has, however, been considerable improvement in the city's trade as the result of the Festival, particularly in the export market.

And to emphasize that the Festival is judged on artistic standards and not balance sheet results, here are the views in a nutshell of the Lord Provost:

"While it is the desire of Edinburgh...that she might become the sige of the artistic world, our...Festival is not an Edinburgh project whose value is to be calculated in terms of money, nor is it a Scottish venture to be reckoned in the musical or artistic mob...nor reserved for the student seeking academic knowledge or learning. It is a festival for all in search of beauty...it is a festival for those who would seek to re-establish human rights and happiness in the economic and social world."

On this score the festival was a resounding success, but the cost of staging and assembling such a display of talent made a financial loss a foregone conclusion. It was £20,777 down, and the maintenance of such

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

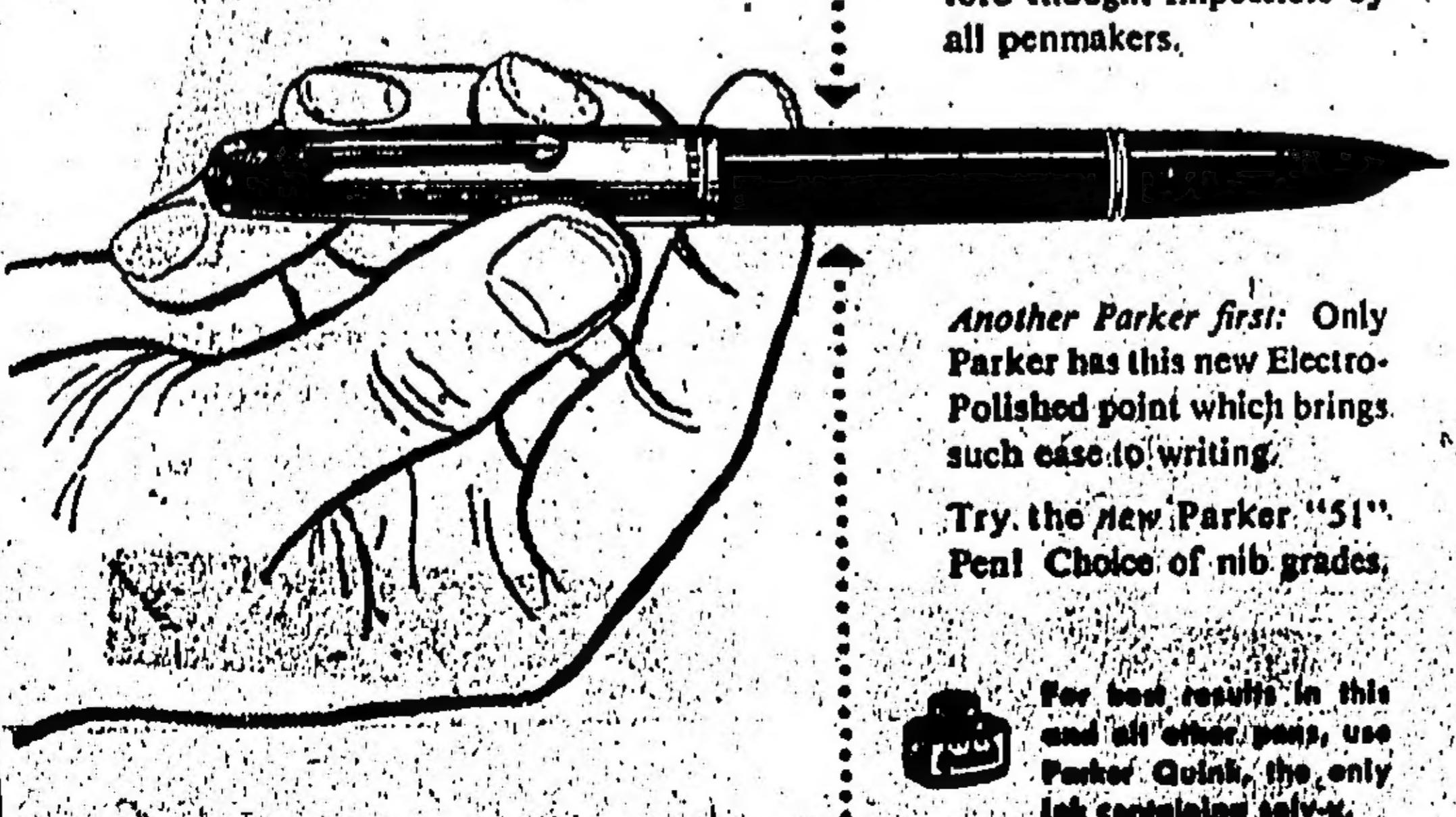


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... Shed No Tears For The Soft Shoe Shuffler

RAY ROBINSON, pinky-purple Cadillac and all, is shuffling the old soft shoe for upwards of £2,000 a week in Europe. The routine of his variety act is corny, the comedy trite, and the reward moderate compared with the dollar-million he stashed away from boxing.

But shed no tears for Sugar Ray — erstwhile Walker Smith, who danced in the gutter till priest and a prize-fight manager taught him the know-how with his knuckles.

Robinson is doing all right. He told me so as we sat in his office — sorry, one of his offices — on the corner of 124th Street and Seventh Avenue, New York, the day before he left for Europe.

★ Had to win

Yes, said the manicured and barbershaved chief of Ray Robinson Enterprises, Inc., these were busy times. He has some 300 or 400 (he is not sure which) employees helping him to distribute beer in 30 states to the tune of £250,000 a year; he owns half a block in Harlem, a near-millionaire ménage in the Bronx, a restaurant that takes £50,000 a year, a seven-stool barber shop with haircuts at 7s. a time, a dry-cleaning outfit, seven five-story apartment houses, and a lingerie shop for his wife.

Yes, said Mr. Robinson, he also has a memory, occupied principally and pugnaciously by two young men — one whose name he never knew and the other whose name he will never forget: Randolph Turpin.

"I am 34 now," said Robinson, "and that makes it just 16 years since I beat a boy at Madison Square Garden to win a Golden Gloves amateur championship. Up till then I was a nobody, but winning that title meant I was a somebody, with a name people would remember when they heard it. Man, I felt good. In fact, I never felt so good again till I won back the middleweight championship of the world from Randy Turpin."

"Man, that was a near thing, but I just had to win. When I lost that title to Randy in London two months before, it meant I was just another ex-champ. They're a dime a dozen.

by George Whiting

I never figured things to be that way.

"Sure, I lost a cruiserweight shot to Joey Maxim, but I ended up as middleweight champion. That Turpin sure made things tough though. You should know how tough. You were there both times."

Yes, I was there, striving to preserve the impartiality of a reporter as Turpin swept to convincing victory at Earls Court, London, in July, 1951 — and then was hammered into swivel-eyed defeat against the ropes in a Harlem holiday at New York's Polo Grounds 64 days later. Both times Turpin winked at me before he advanced against his man — just as he had done as a goliath-topped kid, punching noses for mead-waiting at the age of 14. Ah, me . . . times change.

"I don't remember too much about the actual boxing in that first Turpin fight," said Robinson.

No? Allow me to refresh his all-too-convenient memory. Let me remind him that Turpin beat him all ends up and in every phase of the fight — in initiative, in strategy, in timing and direction of punches, and in the quick perception that brings with it the inside birth in nearly every clinch.

★ Greatest win

Turpin marched that night the greatest win British boxing has known since the war. His left hand, flashing "old fashioned" straight leads at Robinson's surprised and twisted face, was magnificent.

After commendably brief preliminaries, I recall, Turpin began with a right that landed near Robinson's kidneys and earned reproof from referee Eugene Henderson. But that was the last we saw of kidney punches, save for one accidental right-hander from an instantly apologetic Robinson.

Nothing doubtful or dirty about that fight. No knockdowns, either. And no blood — until the seventh round, when Robinson showed up from a clinch with an inch-long slit on his left eyebrow. What a panic

Three minutes later, he was no longer middleweight champion of the world — but a beaten, bemused young man in an alien ring.

The end was upon us with shattering, dramatic suddenness. Turpin shot yet another short, jolting right cross — and his glove came back carrying crimson evidence of a successful mission from his opponent's left eye. A desperate Robinson, black hair stiff and brown face flecked with blood, took one startled look at manager George Gainford in his corner — and then leapt forward like a wounded animal.

A vicious right hook to the heart, another to the chin — and Turpin, caught with his arms down at the moment of what should have been his greatest triumph, went bowling over backwards on to the floor.

★ Bewildered

Eighteen thousand win-starved Britons burst into spontaneous song as Turpin's hand was held high as the new middleweight champion of the world, on points. The last I saw of Robinson that night he was weeping bitter tears at his dressing-room table. The last I saw of Turpin, he was trying his relations not to get carried away with a modest, five-thilling a head supper in a Strand hotel.

★ Ring tragedy

Two months later it was the American — 60,000 of them — who were singing. The Britons, numbered bravely in our hundreds out there on the Polo Grounds of New York, were silent — frightened witnesses of a ring tragedy to this day, I swear should never have happened. □

★ Can't forget

Thus did Sugar Ray Robinson, generally conceded to be the most versatile fighter, pound for pound, of this or any other time, snatch swift and well-merited victory from what many of us still believe was impending defeat.

Ray Robinson, dancer, vaudevillian actor and man of property, fingered the scarcely visible scar over the eye that Turpin twice sliced open.

"How can a man forget that kind of a fight?" he asked me. "It's like you can think of an answer."

• • •
Next Saturday:
THE CINDERELLA MAN

NATURE'S POISON PUNCHES

TOADS BELONG TO THE EXUDERS

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

NOT a few old wives' tales are turning out to be true, or to be based upon facts that were previously misinterpreted or exaggerated. It now turns out that the toad is poisonous, and that it may cause some types of warts.

Toads are a kind of frogs, despite anything you may believe to the contrary. The ordinary species we see hopping about forms a rather special group with dry, rough skins, and comparatively short back legs in contrast to the slippery skins and long, leaping legs of other frogs. But there are hosts of species in tropical countries that are quite intermediate and could just as well be called frogs or toads.

Toads eat insects, worms, and other small creatures and even catch mice. They are very useful creatures, since they keep down insect pests, and the giant, so-called matto-toad has been introduced into almost every hot country in the world to keep down mosquitoes.

★



The harmless-looking toad is capable of secreting a poison harmful to animals when bitten.

From them a white milky substance may be squeezed, though I got a great shock in South America once when I prodded a huge, smooth-skinned, cream-coloured toad that I had found in a hole at the top of an 80-foot tree. Its glands immediately dribbled a strange, ruby-red fluid that smelt like garlic, was stickier than rubber cement and was not blood. Some toads can even squirt their secretions from their glands.

Nobody today has either the inclination to bite a toad, or the necessity of doing so — not to mention eating one whole. In bygone times, however, the latter practice was quite common in some countries, because "witchcraft" was widespread. Primitive religions often required the ceremonial eating of all manner of strange things, and medicine did likewise.

However, toads are highly poisonous. First, the glands contain chemicals which primitive man believed quite another kind of magic to that of our present-day medical thinking.

smaller animals. Secondly, other glands about the skin secrete a kind of slime which is equally toxic, causing paralysis.

Toads do not use these poisons offensively. They are perfectly safe to handle at all times and there is no danger even if a little of their milk gets on your hands. If any small animal bites a toad it suffers very badly. Dogs' mouths swell up and bleed, and they may vomit excessively and even die. Injected directly into the bloodstream, the poison is instantly fatal, and we may presume that a mixture of bufonin and the secretion of the skin glands in sufficient quantity would kill a man. Toads, nevertheless, make delightful pets and cannot bite.

While some people used to contend that toads were venomous and poisonous and caused warts, others believed that they possessed all kinds of medicinal properties, including the ability to cure warts. If tightly bound to the afflicted skin for some time, it now appears that these glands of the other skin glands of these animals do have properties that may be useful in medical treatment and even, in certain skin afflictions.

There remains the question of warts, and here we encounter one of the most controversial matters ever devised by man and beast, and which has become almost hopelessly involved. It probably has been known for centuries that the glands of certain toads, if applied to the skin, can cause warts. This is particularly true of the "bufonin" glands, which are located in the head and neck area. These glands contain bufonin, a powerful acid that can cause severe tissue damage, and even death if injected into the heart.

NEW-STYLE PACT FOR ASIA

By JAMES WICKENDEN

GENEVA silenced the troops to operate on Asian soil without arousing cries close. Official London circles expect a new cold war to begin soon with Siam and Formosa as the next targets.

Communist organisations have concentrated on this weak spot by such moves as the minor unrest in Singapore against military registration and the present anti-Formosan propaganda.

But in Malaya such moves cannot alter the fact that there are already more than 63,000 men under arms there with sufficient battle experience to qualify them as first-line anti-guerrilla fighters. Although not organised in large formations, they form a valuable reserve. With a population of about six million, of which a high proportion is of military age, Malaya could probably trouble her force without dislocating her labour strength.

First signs of the cold war are seen in the attacks on the Siamese government by ex-Slamese Premier Nai Pridi, one time colourful spy of the West, now writing for Peking papers.

And Peking is intensifying its propaganda onslaught against Asia's strongest non-Communist outpost, Formosa.

CLEAR IDEA

Apart from the problem of raising forces, Britain has worked out a clear idea of the sort of pact Asia must have to maintain peace. It must have a hard core of military strength.

But the next phases of anti-Communist effort is expected to be on the ideological front. Consequently, there must be greater effort to strengthen Asia against Communist propaganda.

How this vast and explosive subject can be handled between the signatory powers to a SEATO poses a novel problem for the free world. It implies a new kind of collective security, with no resemblance to the purely military system of NATO, or the purely economic arrangements of the Colombo Plan.

Finally, in her consultations with all interested countries, Britain is believed to be emphasising that the pact must be anti-Communist but not anti-China. The creation of a power bloc whose object could be construed as hostility to China would run counter to Britain's concern to achieve a proper diplomatic understanding with the new Asian power which has come to stay in world affairs.

TIE DOWN TROOPS



IC-PLUS
the Gasoline with

ICC

ICC (Gasoline Control Compound) ... the new additive perfected by Ethyl Corporation, producers of Anti-Knock Tetraethyl Lead introduced 32 years ago, is now incorporated in CALTEX IC-PLUS Gasoline. This additive is the newest achievement of Ethyl Laboratories and is designed to prevent pre-ignition and spark plug fouling.

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* Sleepers are available on this flight.

All toads have a pair of large swellings on the upper sides of their heads, just behind the bulging eyes. In some species these glands may be positively reddish, brilliantly coloured — usually yellow, orange or red — sometimes jet black or deep blue. They may extend half way down the body and be smooth, knob-like knobs, perfectly smooth and shiny, or covered all over with small round

The Stars Like Roughing It In Comfort

The film stars who have come here to act in exterior scenes for the £1,000,000 production of "Moby Dick" believe in roughing it at five-star hotels.

The story of the film is one of hardship. But actors Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart and Leo Genn were not putting up with the rigours of living in this small, run-down seaport town.

The stars, top production personnel and guests are more comfortably lodged in Cork, the nearest big town, which is an hour's journey from the location. Every day a fleet of fast cars take us 80 miles (east) in 45 minutes to and from Youghal.

He insists

But apparently Cork, too, lacked some of the necessities of life. Producer-director John Huston, reputed to earn more than £1,000 a week, got the plumbers to install a private bath and shower for him at his hotel.

"That's something he always insists on having, wherever he goes," explained his production manager.

The people of Youghal are still enthralled by the "Moby Dick" invasion. It has turned their town into a temporarily flourishing tourist centre. A disused harbour has been dredged, the quayside cleared to look

like New Bedford of the last roulette or big-game hunting century. Four boats of that which other Huston locations period are in the anchorage have been known to provide. Time has had to be killed more prosaically than that.

But practical jokes—putting

nothing like this has happened since Gabriel Pascal took a pyramid to Egypt.

The townsfolk have never seen so much money. The cost of this fantastic location about £500 an hour. One hundred and fifty of the local people are earning 32s. 6d. a day as extras. The public-houses—one renamed "The Moby Dick"—are open from 7 a.m. until midnight, and doing a roaring trade.

Producer-director Huston has the help of a production supervisor, a production manager, an assistant director, a personal assistant, a personal secretary, an adviser on whaling, an adviser on sea shanties, and a naval captain.

While Youghal is thrilled with the stars, the stars soon become very bored with Youghal.

No roulette

Gregory Peck has fled back to London to escape from the over-eager fans. The others are still coping bravely with the autograph hunters, the amateur photographers, the Irish whisky and the British cooking.

This is not one of those places where local colour and folk gear are served up simultaneously. There are no diversions like

Breath Of Life Caused Blindness

OXYGEN IS NO NEW "WONDER DRUG." It is as old as life itself. It is life itself.

It has helped men to climb Everest; to explore the silent world beneath the sea. It has saved the lives of countless people with chest and heart diseases.

But it is also a major cause of blindness in children today.

A team of British scientists published the shocking proof only this month. Theirs is the dramatic ending to the most fantastic detective story in modern medical history.

It began in the 1930's when doctors discovered that oxygen used immediately after birth could give premature babies fresh hope for a normal life.

By A MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT

ONE day in 1942 in Boston Lying-In Hospital, America, a baby was born months before its time. It was placed in an oxygen tent—a routine process used to help prematurely born babies to develop into normal, healthy children.

Through the windows of the white tent doctors watched the tiny infant make good progress—until a few weeks after birth.

Then it went blind.

Ophthalmic surgeon Dr Theodore Terry examined the baby's eyes and found the cause of blindness was a curtain of fibrous tissue behind each lens. It was a condition he had never come across before. He called it retrofetal fibroplasia.

Soon hospitals all over the world were reporting cases.

Doctors had two slender clues to work on: retrofetal fibroplasia usually set in a few weeks after birth; the smaller the baby the greater seemed the risk.

The doctors tested all the possibilities—except oxygen. But none of their theories fitted.

Within minutes they saw the big arteries in the eye start to shrink. At last they had found how too much—and sometimes too little—oxygen caused blindness. In his report Dr Ashton warned hospitals: "Don't give oxygen to premature babies except for the shortest period necessary to save life." He also recommended that when oxygen is used an anti-blood-clotting drug should be given with it. This had actually prevented RLF in his animal experiments.

Already the disease is on the wane. It will disappear as suddenly as it started. But doctors will never forget it.

In Australia, Dr Kate Campbell suggested too much oxygen was to blame.

Who was right? In 1944 when think again about a team of British doctors backed substance as old as life itself.

MUSCLE MEN ARE IN THE MONEY

By H. DAY

BECAUSE millions of males trend the contempt of lovely blondes on beaches and swimming pools, shrink from remarks like "I'm ya, skinny!" and fear comparison with massive, blonzed he-men, body building in America is now also big business.

Americans don't seem merely to want a sane mind in a fit body, as the Greeks did. What they seem to crave is a bulging bronzed chest, preferably with a sheen of oil on it, and billiard-ball biceps to attract the girls—that is, if girls really are attracted by such things. And because of this ideal more than two million men each pay \$50 a year to five thousand gyms, to keep fit! Only about ten percent do so from reasons of health.

Harold J. Reilly, who makes more than \$100,000 a year, has 550 male and 450 female clients. He is the only licensed Physiotherapist in New York who also runs a health centre, though few of his clients consult him because they are run down.

One regular used to go along for a course about every eight months—each time he fell in love!

Many business men are regular clients, but few can stand the grim routine of exercises and soon gravitate towards the more expensive and exotic treatments, like oxygen bubble baths, ultra-violet ray treatment, and massage performed by gentle-fingered masseuses.

A drugged kitten was put into a small, plastic box piped to take oxygen. Then, in the cream-painted laboratory in Tavistock Place, the oxygen was turned on. Dr Ashton and Dr Charles Cook crouched steadily over a microscope so that they could examine the kitten's eyes as it breathed the oxygen.

So now they knew that oxygen was the cause of the dreaded disease. They knew why. But they still had to find out how.

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Specialists

These are the specialists.

Al Boon, proprietor of three New York gyms, comes into a different category. His premises, which include swimming pool and boating alley, are valued at a million dollars. Anyone can attend his temple of health for 30 sessions by paying \$100. "They say Boon, 'come those whose figures are their fortunes,'—show girls, models and the like. He has something like 5,000 regular customers."

But the biggest body building association in the Associated Health Institutes, with Fred Young as president, which runs three successful health clubs on the East Coast of the U.S. and a string of 18 others across the country. Each of his 20,000 members has the privilege of using any of his health clubs when in the locality. This is a

big business.

His specialty is the Torso Twist, for which he charges \$18 a month. For this sum he throws in steam baths, needle showers, sun bathing, the use of the handball, paddle ball and squash courts. In every room there are inspiring couples, such as:

"Three times each week, if it's firmness you seek; Work every day to burn fat away."

For many years of age and arrestance Take time each day for health investment.

These are the specialists, like Terry Hunt of Beverly Hills, California, who keep

big arteries in the eye start to shrink. At last they had found how too much—and sometimes too little—oxygen caused blindness. In his report Dr Ashton warned hospitals: "Don't give oxygen to premature babies except for the shortest period necessary to save life." He also recommended that when oxygen is used an anti-blood-clotting drug should be given with it. This had actually prevented RLF in his animal experiments.

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With Les Armour In Britain Today

Let's Stay Inefficient

LONDON loose a lot more citizens for ing cork-screws or designing corsets. THE revelation by Her Majesty's counters of productive work. As it happens, Britain has only 488 self-service stores (with an average turnover of £35,000 each). On the other hand, we have 68,000 tiny shops which do an average business of less than £500.

Tut, tut, tut.

By his second slice of mumbo-jumbo, the economist will mean only that barrow boys, with no overheads and often one eye on the nearest copper, pay little attention to "economic law."

Their prices hop up and down according to the look on the nearest housewife's face and the odds on unloading the barrow before the law orders a move-on.

All very alarming.

But the economist can go on talking until he is as old as King Tut without much improving his chances of converting the average Briton.

No doubt a shop with an average turnover of under £500 is not an economically sound employment for a citizen who might be devoting himself to manufacturing a packet of throat lozenges.

As for the barrow boy, he is the colour and spice of every street corner—a seemingly carefree soul who reminds us that, after all, we aren't inevitably bound by the chains of an unyielding machine.

Long may we stay inefficient.

A Chairborne Fatness

A GENT who describes himself frankly as "chairborne civil servant, middle-aged, with rapidly increasing waistline," says he would be grateful for genuine and reasonable suggestions as to how to reduce it.

Moreover, he has paid, by reckoning, £3 for the privilege of having this plea inserted in the public prints.

It may be fairly assumed, therefore, that he is not being funny.

And it is clear enough that he is not looking for side cracks like "quit the Civil Service and go to work."

Well-thought-out advice such as "campaign to have the salaries of chairborne civil servants reduced so that they can't eat so much" will probably not meet with better reception.

At last, however, it is part of the public record—there to be pointed at with fingers of scorn.

Those Affectionate Snores

HUSBANDS who emit a noise like a buzz saw in collision with a jet plane during their slumbering hours ought to be proud of themselves.

Nevertheless, this sort of argument has its possibilities.

Husbands who regularly omit to light the fire in the morning can complain, with equal plausibility, that their lapses in due solely to a subconscious throw-back to primitive days when a fire was a dead give-away to a prowling enemy.

Abused for spending an hour or two too many in the local, the offending male can justly claim that his old nocturnal habits are such that she is unable to extend her culinary abilities beyond roasting an ox whole on a spit...

Alternatively, if pestered to take his spouse to a movie, he

can assert that, with his strong flow of innate emotion, he feels uncomfortable about going out at night and leaving the cave unguarded.

Nor has the wife a chance if she should be so rash as to suggest that the head of the household ought to go out and mow the lawn. She will only be told that a healthy growth of hay and weed in the yard is admirable cover should it be necessary to avoid advancing elephants.

But it will all come to nothing. Woman, as always, will have the last word when she explains that HER primitive instincts are such that she is unable to extend her culinary abilities beyond roasting an ox whole on a spit...

...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

AUTUMN COLLECTIONS IN LONDON

Attractive Heron Feathers



The top dress designers are now showing their Autumn collections in Paris, London and Rome. Pictured here is an attractive small cap of pink heron feathers, designed by milliner Claude Saint Cyr and shown in conjunction with the Norman Hartnell show of Autumn dresses.—Express Photo.

DO YOUR HANDS GIVE YOU AWAY?

By LADY BOYLE

London. YOUR hands can be a positive, expressive part of your personality. Gladys Cooper acts with her hands. Every mood is represented by a gesture.

Watch the Queen Mother on newscasts. Whatever she is doing, her hands complete the picture, whether she is arranging her furs, accepting flowers, making a speech, or simply conversing. Notice the slow, graceful movements of her hands, never hurried or flustered.

The secret lies in those slow, measured gestures. In making our hands match what our lips are saying, we can take a lesson from continental people. Avoid waving them about like Hyde Park orators at one extreme, avoid mere fidgeting at the other.

COAXING IT

But if we are to draw attention to our hands we must take the trouble to make them look attractive. Their texture can be protected very effectively with barrier creams.

Enthusiastic cooks, busy mothers, amateur gardeners can rely on these creams to form an invisible glove. This prevents the dirt from clogging the lines of the hands and fingers, and avoids the crepe-like look which results from prolonged soaking in water.

Your hands are never quite beyond repair. I have just met someone who has achieved wonderful results with a lotion which is rubbed in while the hands are still wet. After using it a few times, you will find the dirt is coaxed out of the crevices.

Regular use of glycerine keeps the skin smooth and nourished, leaves no stickiness.

MANICURING

Now for nails. Few people have a perfect oval shape, but careful filing and the clever use of varnish can work miracles.

Never file down the sides of your nails. It will give the illusion of length, but it will probably make them flake off in layers. Always file from the level where nail leaves finger tip.

Your nails must never be neglected, because the only safe way of filing them is with an emery board, and that won't hack through length and thickness.

Nails should follow the shape of the fingernail. Extricated points won't make your hands long and tapering if they are not that way to start with. A rounded edge will give more

Mutton-Chop Sleeves or The Romantic Look?

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London. LONDON has just had a fashion week in which 400 different dresses and suits were shown by the top designers.

The fact that Hardy Amies has taken a fancy to the mutton-chop sleeve or that Norman Hartnell decorates his evening dresses with beetle's wings may not seem very striking.

But it will be—in the fashion world. For the styles shown during fashion week influence store buyers, wholesale designers, the little dressmakers round the corner—in fact anyone with fashion connections.

If you doubt it, remember the crinolined petticoat, the halter-necked evening dress, the sailor collar. They all started in the salons of top designers and were snapped up by buyers or copied overnight by wholesale designers.

But fashion is unpredictable. Only some of the new styles are adopted. So it remains to be seen which will fade away and which will be mass-produced by the chain stores.

Hardy Amies is the young designer of elegant, wearable clothes tinged with a touch of new fashion.

His new colour is amber, and this runs through his collection, and is seen on everything from tweed suits to satin evening dresses. Even the jewellery reflects it. The models wore amber bead bracelets massed from wrist to elbow and button-shaped amber earrings.

Mr. Amies told us that a seventeen-year-old textile student at the Royal College of Art—where Amies went to lecture on fashion—suggested he should use amber. "We are most grateful to her," he said.

As for style, there is something reminiscent of the Edwardian mutton-chop sleeve about his suits. Sleeves are wide-tipped, inset high on the shoulder to give a curved, looser line at the bust.

His full-length evening dresses are definitely grand manner. They are full-skirted styles in lavishly embroidered satin and one can imagine them being worn at the top of a grand staircase to receive the highest in the land. (After all, he is one of the Queen's dressmakers).

One dress, in amber satin with a crinolined bust, had two long sash ends tied to form a bustle bow.

Thinking perhaps that amber will not suit everyone and it certainly will not suit a pink-and-white complexion—Amies shows a wonderful pink, the colour of candy floss. A short

skirt and a wide belt.

Varnish even protects the nail. I have found that without varnish my fingernails not only look terrible—they actually hurt.

S-T-R-E-T-C-H OUT IN THE SUN



FIG. 1: Up as high as you can

FIG. 2: Grasp your ankles.

FIG. 3: Swing down—then stretch.

FIG. 4: Lay on the towel on your back and stretch fully with your arms above your head.

FIG. 5: Curl up into a small ball; hold the position for a few seconds, then stretch out again;

FIG. 6: Roll over on to your tummy;

FIG. 7: Grasp your feet behind you and rock backwards and forwards about half a dozen times (Fig. 2).

Repeat the exercise four or five times.

Miss Zipp's third exercise is for body and shoulders. It combines both a stretch and a swing (Fig. 3).

Stand with your feet slightly astride. Swing the trunk down,

and let one arm and hand swing as far behind the head as you can; then, without pause, swing up to full stretch and swing the arm as far backwards and above the head as you can. Now here are some warming-up games to start your system.

For SWATH AND SWIN, draw two parallel lines on the floor

and stand between them.

JOSEPH EDMUNDSON

evening dress in candy pink tulip almost stopped the show. It was matched with a long pink stole and pink satin shoes.

Last word comes from Hardy Amies himself. "Clothes are easier to wear this season," he said, "but possibly harder to make."

Norman Hartnell, doyen of the fashion world, surprised us by forsaking his traditional styles. Instead, he presented a gay, pretty, romantic look.

Feminine princess coats were top choice and outnumbered the loose, unfitted styles. These were in rich velvet embroidered with braid or trimmed with fur.

Evening dresses launched new materials including multi-coloured black lamé with green beetle's wing embroidery, bluebottle lace embroidered with sequins, and multi-coloured lame sewn with a metal thread that is washable and untarnishable.

Smooth-fitting lines, is kind to difficult figures. Dresses and suits following this line had minute panels shaped into the waist and cut over the hips.

Sherard's materials are now

and extravagant. There is grey rayon studded with leopard spots or black velvet, and black ribbed ottoman woven with iridescent threads.

He likes detail, and new accessories included wide belts of black patent or beaten copper which dip at the back to flatten the waist.

His evening dresses sparkled with colour... pelargonium pink velvet... cyclamen satin shot with white... black velvet

sown with colophonium threads so that it glittered like jet.

LATEST PARIS DRESS SHOW

Jacques Fath Promotes Diamonds And Furs

JACQUES FATH has endorsed the jumper suit in his Autumn collection. In green and black and many metallic jersey materials, they have loose waists with belts resting on the hips.

Fath keeps the high-busted, corseted look of last season for dresses and adds a stiffened belt.

For each of his four slim mannequins he modifies and adapts the lines to suit her personality.

Patricia, with the chestnut hair and milky skin, he describes as a woman of distinction.

Jane, tall, lithe and slender, he christens the 1955 Vamp.

Stella, in the top beauty of the collection, and Rose Marie combines the dash and charm of the very young.

Detail Notes: Much shorter jackets; large diamond buckles and buttons; masses of fur—even dresses of white ermine.

BLACK, GOLD

FATH launches his colour range of evening stockings with tops and webs of black and gold Chantilly lace caught with diamond suspenders.

For evening there is a pretty, loose cardigan, in black and shades of brown. This should be a winner with the ready-to-wear trade because it is not dependent on perfect fitting. Many cardigans are richly embroidered in oriental designs.

Unusual accessory notes come from blonde Sophie, once a famous Paris model, now in a business on her own account.

With a white flannel pleated skirt and black sweater she wears an old gold hunter watch slung round her neck on a gold chain. She dresses her blonde hair in a pony-tail style, wears large gold hoop earrings to flatter her tan and bullet shoes in gold kid.

FASHION NOT TO COPY

RED satin evening slippers—unless you have pretty feet and take no more than a size four shoe.

Choose your new hat or scarf in flaming red, Lovely, too, for jersey dress, slacks and sweaters

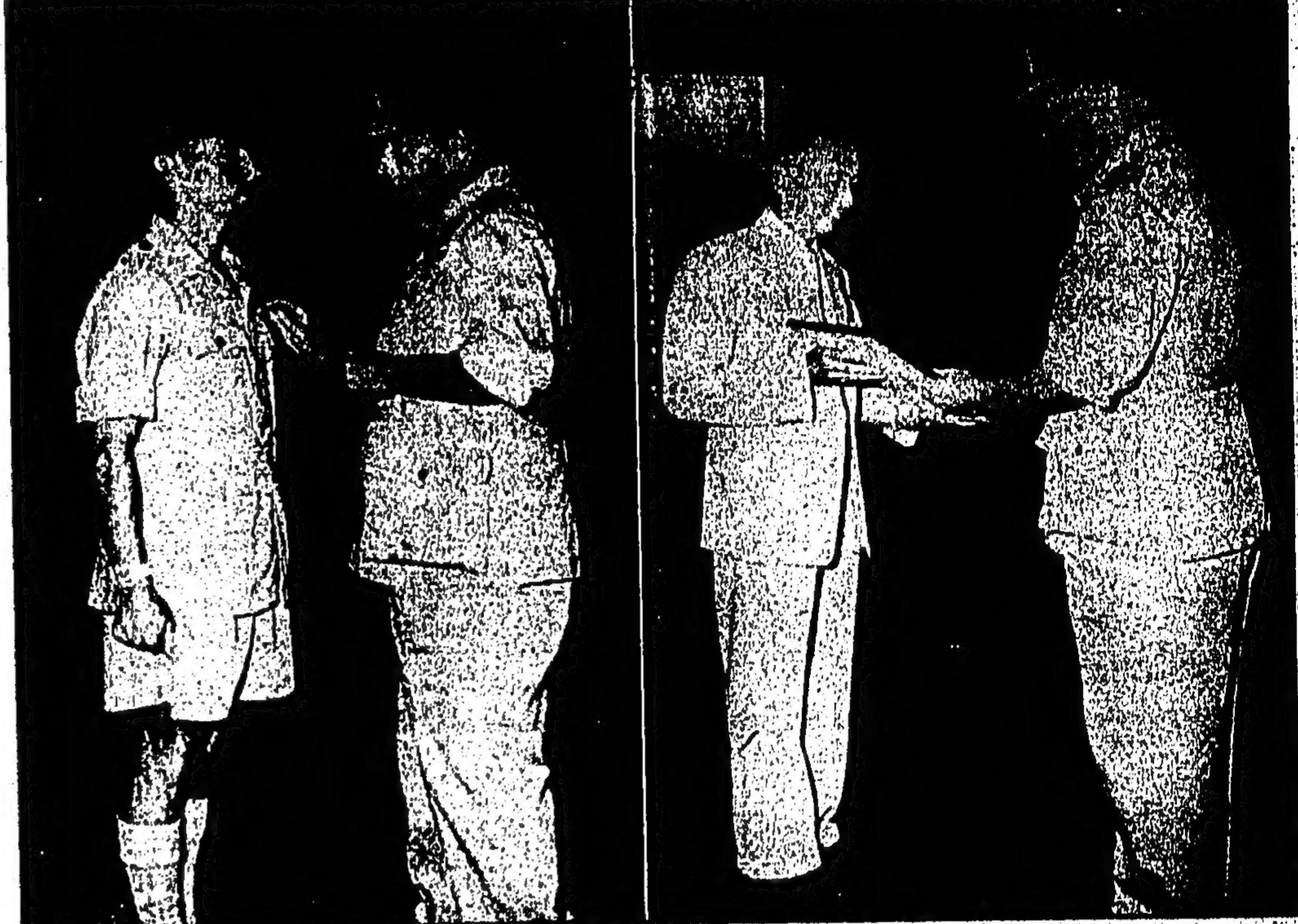
Have a little black dress again in your wardrobe, preferably a combination of wool and silk, the kind of dress that can go to the office or a party with equal ease.

Don't throw away your old fur coat. Use it to line a wool jacket or—a super-silky touch—to line a new fur coat or

to line a new fur coat or



MR. K. Kean, Social Welfare Officer, photographed with members of the goodwill mission from the Hongkong Kai-fong Welfare Advancement Association who left on Monday for Singapore. They will spend about half a month in Singapore and Malaya. (Mayfair).



PRESENTATIONS at the RAF Kai Tak Station last Saturday. On the left, Warrant Officer K. H. Adlington receives a Long Service and Good Conduct Medal from Air Commodore K. C. Field. On the right, Mr. Henry Marr, RAF clerk, is presented with the Commandor-in-Chief's testimonial for devotion to duty. (Staff Photographer)



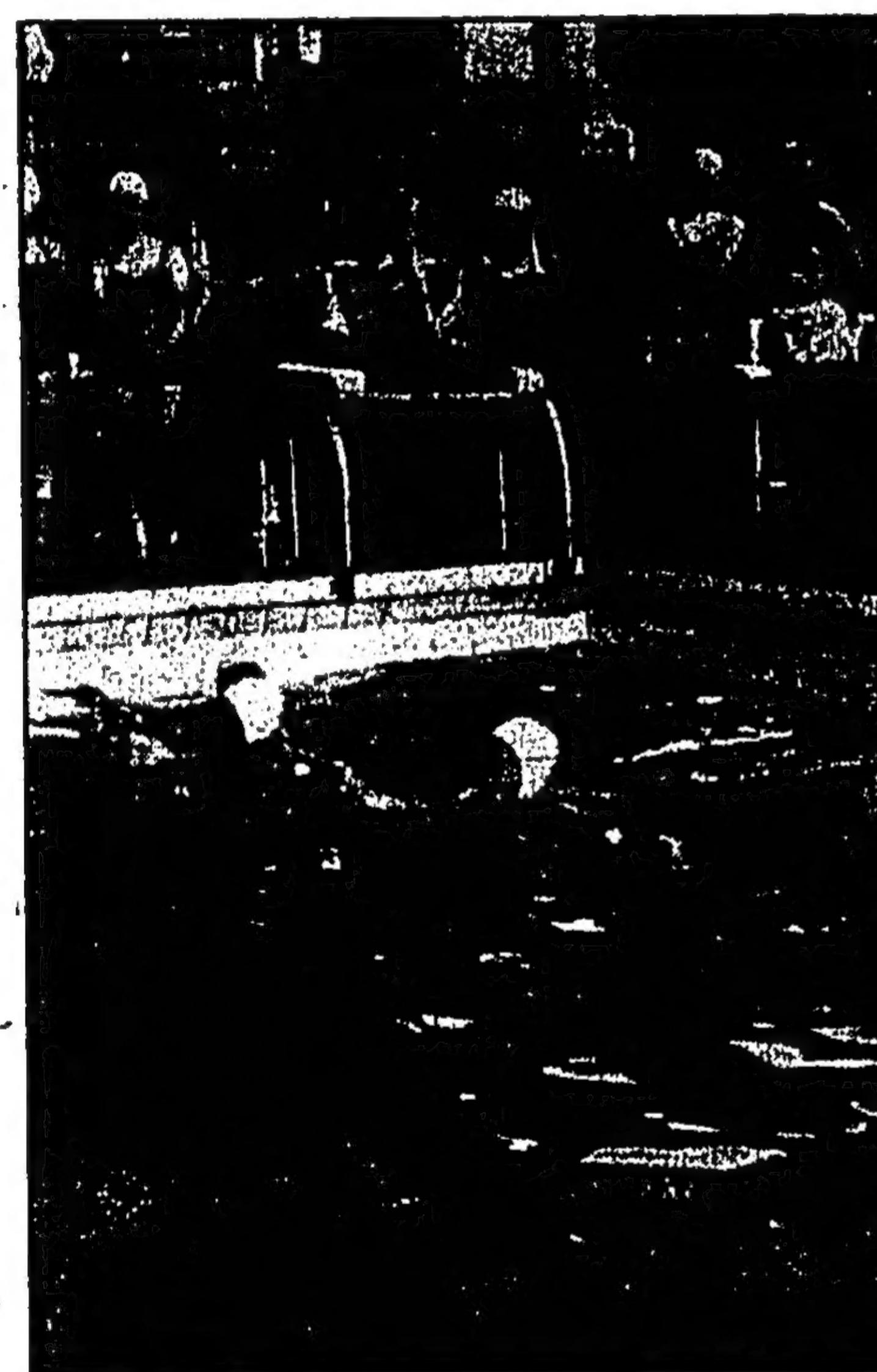
LEFT: Taking their nuptial vows at the Catholic Cathedral last Saturday are Mr. Ivor Aquilina and Miss Gertrude Polkowska. The bridegroom is an officer in the Hongkong Police Force. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Girls competing in the egg and spoon race at the splash party held at the Ladies' Recreation Club on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs. C. Steenken cutting their wedding cake at the reception following their wedding last Saturday at the Union Church. The bride was formerly Miss A. Nia Gardner. (Francis Wu)



MR. P. R. S. Mani, first Commissioner for the Government of India in Hongkong, bidding farewell to the Indian community at a farewell tea party given in his honour last week by the India Association. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: At a farewell party given by Mr. and Mrs. Soo Yu-doo for their son, Soo Chan-jan, who left last week for England to enter King's College, Taunton. Left to right: Mr. F. M. Castro, Masters Soo Chan-jan, Freddie To and Henry Ngan.



GROUP picture taken at the twenty-first birthday party of Miss Rita Lee, hosted by Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Wong. A large number of friends attended the happy occasion at the Little Flower Club.

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New Selection

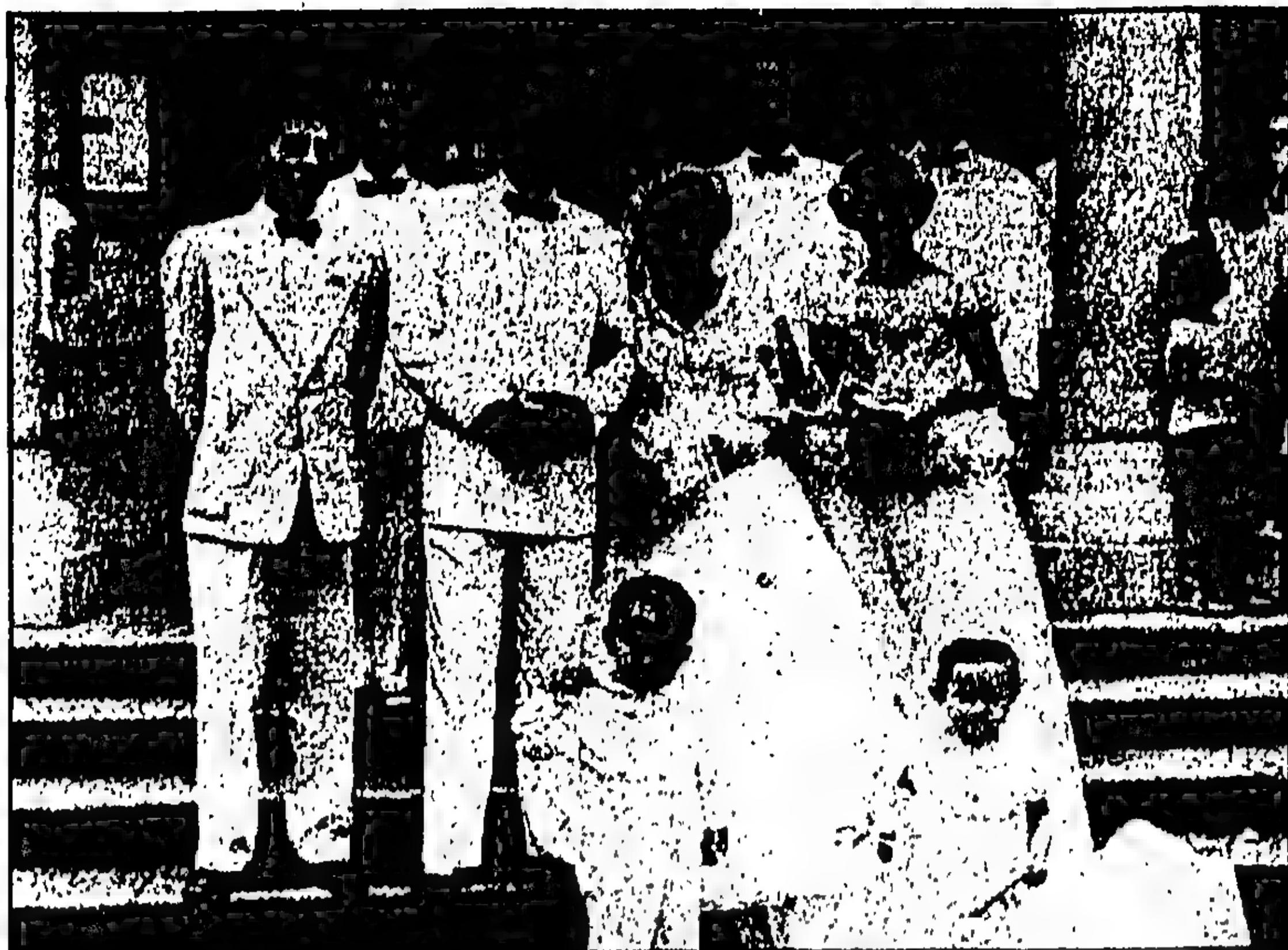
Exclusive Ascher
cotton dress lengths

also

Ascher Squares
in the newest colours

at

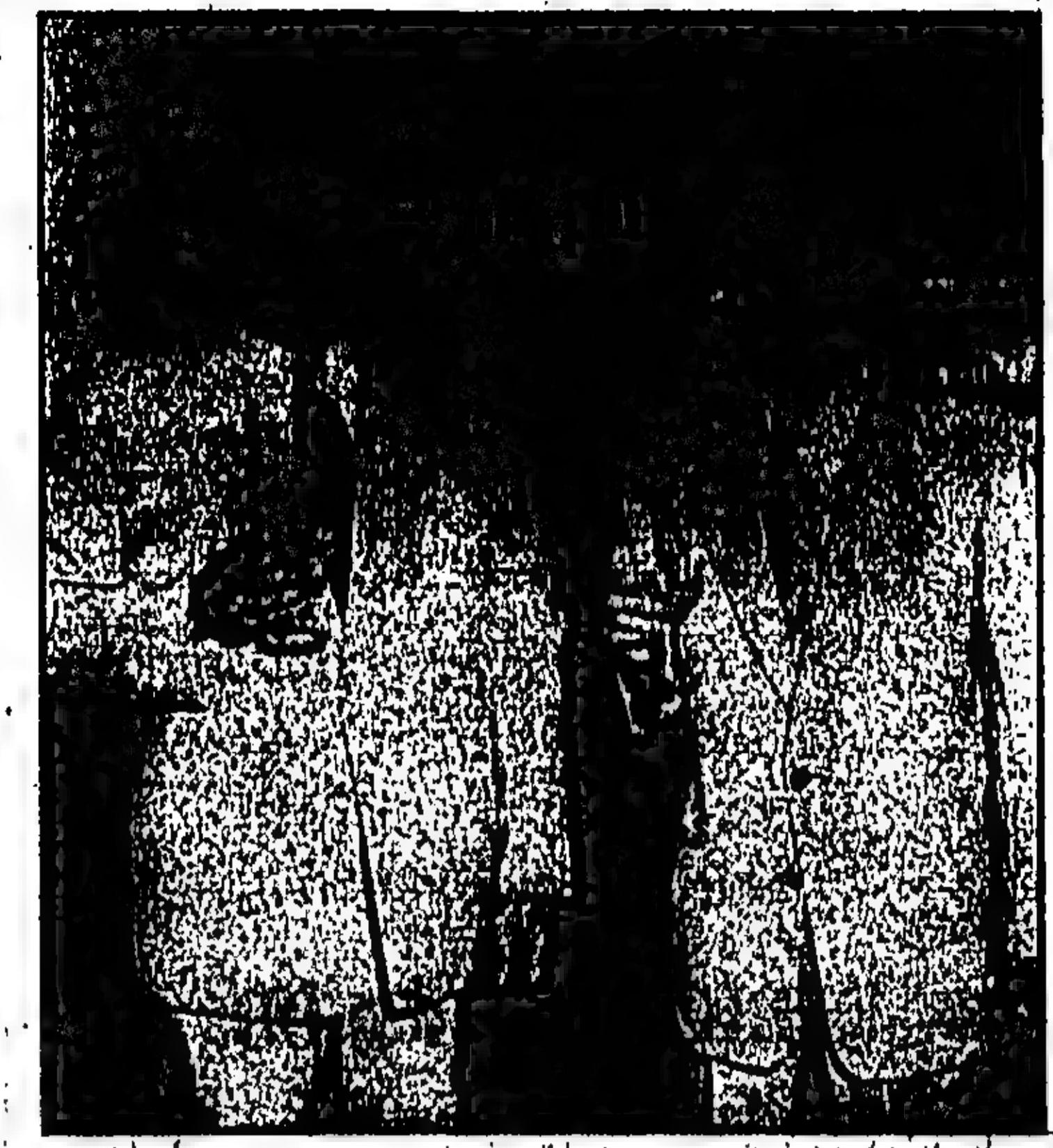
Paquerette
Gloster Street / 1A Des Voeux Rd.



LAST Saturday's wedding at St Teresa's Church: Mr Victor George Grott and Miss Doreen Xavier. (Staff Photographer)



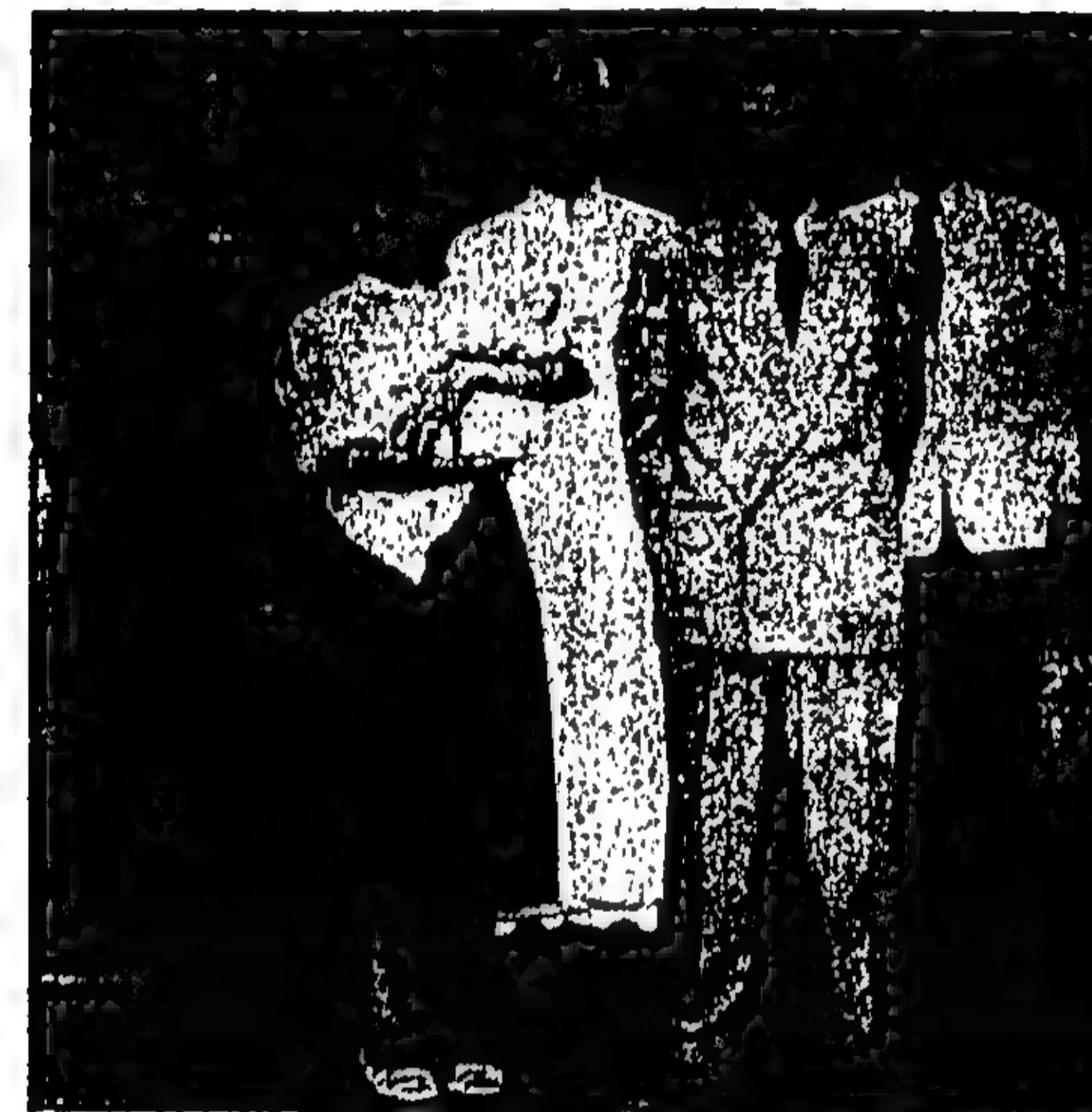
COMMODORE A. H. Thorold congratulating motor drivers employed by HM Dockyard when presenting them with certificates for safe driving issued by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. (Staff Photographer)



MR Taribdin Suriawinata, Indonesian Consul-General (left), and Mr Leong Ying-swie at the opening of the new Indonesian Club. Mr Leong is President of the Club. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at the christening of Joan Marian Gonzalves, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs A. J. Gonzalves, which took place at St Teresa's Church last Saturday. (Willie's)



PICTURED outside St John's Cathedral after their wedding are Mr Anthony John Horland and Miss Marguerite Norma Dedear. (Ming Yuen)

MRS Mathilde Ng, Chairman of the Hongkong Council of Women, relating to the press her impressions of the triennial conference of the International Council of Women which she attended at Helsinki. Mrs Ng returned to the Colony this week. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: A Paul Jones in progress at the party given by the 1st Kowloon Scout Troop at the new Boy Scouts Headquarters last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



CHINESE Athletic Club and USS Orca softballers who clashed at King's Park on Wednesday in the summer league. CAA won the game. (Staff Photographer)

If you're suffering from sweltering hot days, you're really old-fashioned!

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EIGHTY children from King George V School were given yesterday afternoon of sightseeing trips over Hong Kong as guests of Civil Air Transport. The half-hour flights were made in a Superuster. A group of schoolchildren about to board the plane. (CAT)

A TWO-POINT OFFER!

25% DISCOUNT
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Care Of Foods For The Freezer

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

NOT too long ago the housewife had a hearty contempt for "cold storage" foods. Now a large part of many families' meals is made of frozen foods. The quick-freezing process has added many foods to the all-year diet, just as canning has done previously. Together, these processes enrich the diet at all seasons.

Every housewife knows that frozen foods should not be thawed until just before it is desired to use them and that once thawed, they should not be refrozen. But not every housewife knows why. The correct use of the home freezer is important if its purpose, convenient, safe and nutritious food in or out of season, is not to be defeated.

The old type cold storage process involved freezing, just as does the newer method, but that was slow freezing. It was first patented in 1842. Slow freezing permits large crystals of ice to form in the cells of the food substance. These rupture the cells and render the food, when thawed, soft and mushy. The secret of the new process is speed in freezing, which produces small crystals, and no appreciable damage to the physical consistency of most foods. There are still a few, like tomatoes, which do not freeze well—or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that they do not thaw well.

Valuable Contribution

The frozen foods now on the market, including corn on the cob and many prepared dishes such as pies and French fried potatoes, look and taste like fresh foods when thawed. Not only that, but they have the values of fresh foods, since their original food elements are well preserved, even including the more sensitive vitamins of the B group, and vitamin C. Thus, these foods make a valuable contribution to the diet, and play a large part in maintaining health and doing away with the habit of using spring tonics, such as sulfur and molasses, which were never any good anyway.

Most of the food that is used fast-frozen comes from commer-

cial establishments, where it is prepared, frozen, wrapped and stored under inspection by state or local health department inspectors. But there are more and more home freezers, and many families prepare and freeze their own garden products or even meat. There are certain precautions which are necessary to be sure that the food is adequately preserved and safe as well as palatable.

Good quality foods are necessary; the freezing process merely preserves and does not improve the quality which was there to begin with. Proper wrapping is important, otherwise there will be dehydration or "freezer burn," which not only impairs taste and appearance but food value. Some vegetables must be blanched, and some fruits require the addition of ascorbic acid to prevent discolouration.

Wrap Carefully

Materials suitable for freezer use must be used for wrapping—cellophane, paper laminated with glassine, aluminum, plastics, and various types of specially treated papers. Ordinary wrapping paper is not suitable, but may be used as an outer wrapper to help protect the inner one. A good job of wrapping is important, too. Some packages are better heat-sealed in plastic coverings.

The home "freezer" is actually more of a storage cabinet for frozen foods than a large-capacity freezer. It will freeze small quantities—about two pounds of food per cubic foot of capacity. Larger quantities are best taken to a commercial locker for freezing.

Food, once thawed, should not be refrozen because it was not absolutely sterile to begin with, and, therefore, contains bacteria.

Of course, none of these is actually disease-producing, but they may decompose thawed foods and produce toxins. Germs are not usually killed by freezing, though they are rendered inactive and do not multiply while in the frozen state.

But when the food gets above 50 degrees Fahrenheit, bacterial action begins. The resulting food spoilage may give rise to some digestive disturbances.

Restoring Loveliness To Droopy Roses

By ELEANOR ROSS

ONE dozen roses are from all accounts, the most popular of all floral gifts. Beautiful in colour and fragrance they are in their long box, the red, white, yellow or delicate apricot set off by the deep green foliage.

But how badly the dazzling blooms are likely to be treated—jammed into one container, rather than separated to bring beauty to many parts of a room. One suggestion is to place several roses in one container and the remainder, one by one, in slender bud vases. These are charming decorative notes on a mantel, bookcase or small table.

STILL BEAUTIFUL
The sixth day should find one or two full bloom roses, surrounded by petals from the others, floating in a bowl on a table centrepiece. Should any of your roses drop prematurely, please don't give them the leave. Just cut a couple of inches from the stems of the droopy ones and put them in hot water. The water should be quite hot, about the temperature of hot bath water, but don't be apprehensive that this will finish off the droopy flowers. Just leave them overnight in the water, and by morning, you should find the flowers very much alive and lovely again.

LET 'EM EAT ROSES
Right here we would like to suggest a culinary use for this loveliest of flowers. Try decorating your next homemade cake with crystallized rose petals.

To make, select highly scented fresh roses, dark red preferably, and wash well. Remove white pulpy base of petal, as this has a bitter taste.

Beat white of an egg to a foam. Dip small poetry brush (or use fingers) in the egg white and brush both sides of rose petal well, taking care that no sides are moist but that no surplus egg white remains on the rose petal. Shake granulated sugar on both sides of petal and place on a tray to dry in the refrigerator.

And bring up a couple of blankets and some pillows for relaxing afterwards, and some sit-down games and picture books for the children.

Wonderfully, the same process may be employed with mint leaves. Crystallized rose leaves may be cut in the shape of rose buds, combined with mint leaves to represent green foliage. The petals are perfect as a pretty decoration and make for delicious nibbling too, exotic aromatic and tasty.

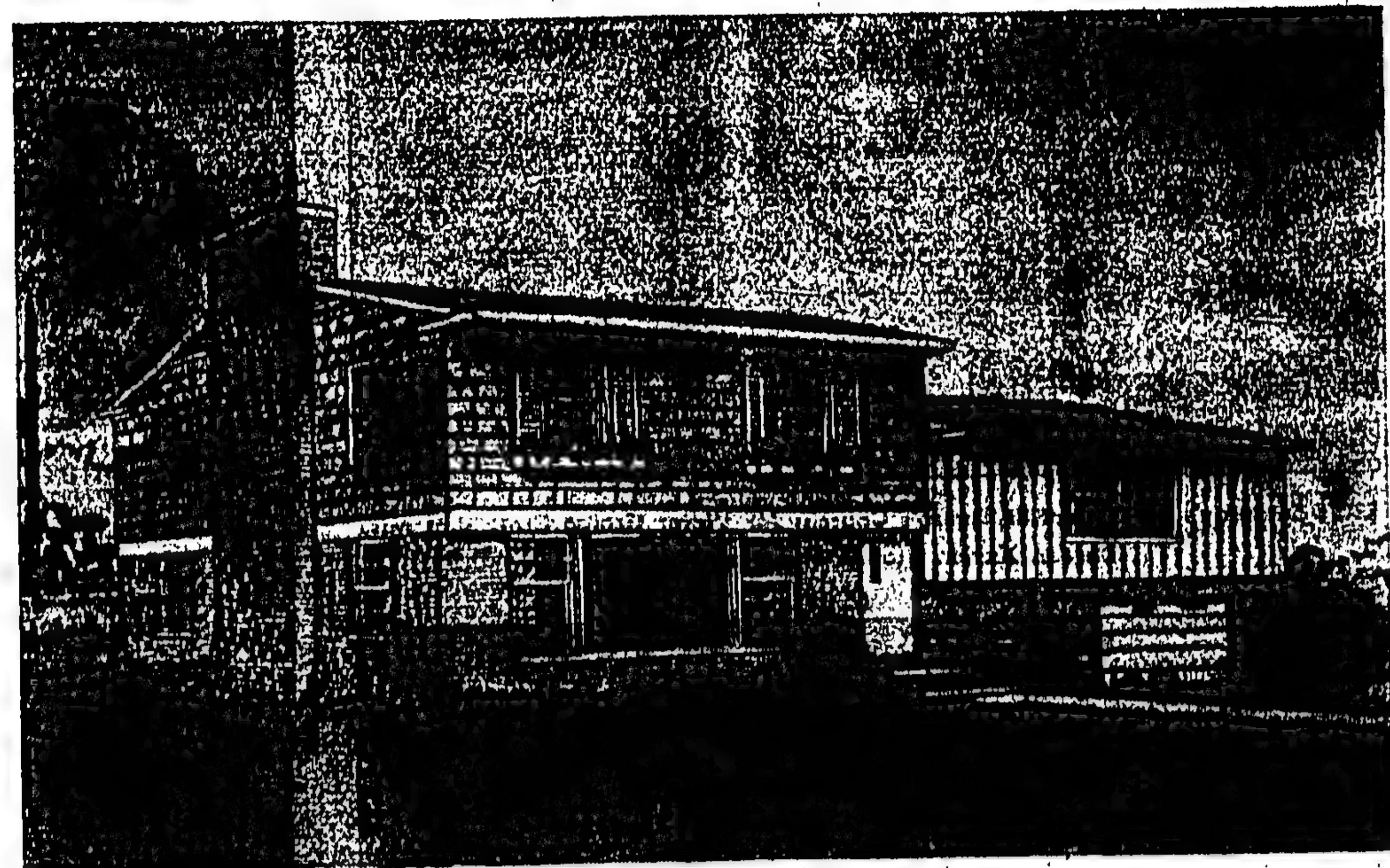
WATER IS PRECIOUS

USE IT

WISELY

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ For A Large Family ★



WINDOWS WORK WONDERS in making the exterior of this home distinctive. A picture window has side interest—paned sections at either side—while a pair of upper-storey windows come complete with decorative shutters and window boxes all ready for greenery.

By Joan O'Sullivan

FOUR big bedrooms, two baths, generous closet space, an efficient kitchen and a good-sized living-dining combination add up to a multi-level home designed to keep a large family comfortable and happy.

Enter the small vestibule, hang up your coat in the guest closet and then step into the living room.

To your left, a picture window catches a wide view of the grounds. Straight ahead, there's a huge fireplace. Just imagine its welcoming effect in winter, when warm, glowing logs greet the visitor!

Convenient to the Kitchen

The dining section, not visible from the entrance, is off to the right of the living area. Treat it as a separate room, if you like. A cozy area, it's adjacent to the square kitchen. What could be more convenient for a homemaker?

As for the kitchen, the architect's plans make doing dishes a joy—well, almost! Light streams in through double windows over the sink. Except on the gloomiest days, this is a cheery room.

Another efficient part of the kitchen plan is its two doorways—one opening on

the dining area, the other

on the living section. In addition, the kitchen has easy access to stairs (just a few steps) to the basement, where laundry and a lavatory are located.

Arranged for Privacy

Two bedrooms are up a level from the main floor, an arrangement that makes for privacy, peace and quiet. These are generously-sized rooms, with good ventilation and roomy closets. A large bath with linen storage unit and vanity completes this level.

The remaining bedrooms and a second bath are on the top floor, over the living room. The largest of these has a huge walk-in closet.

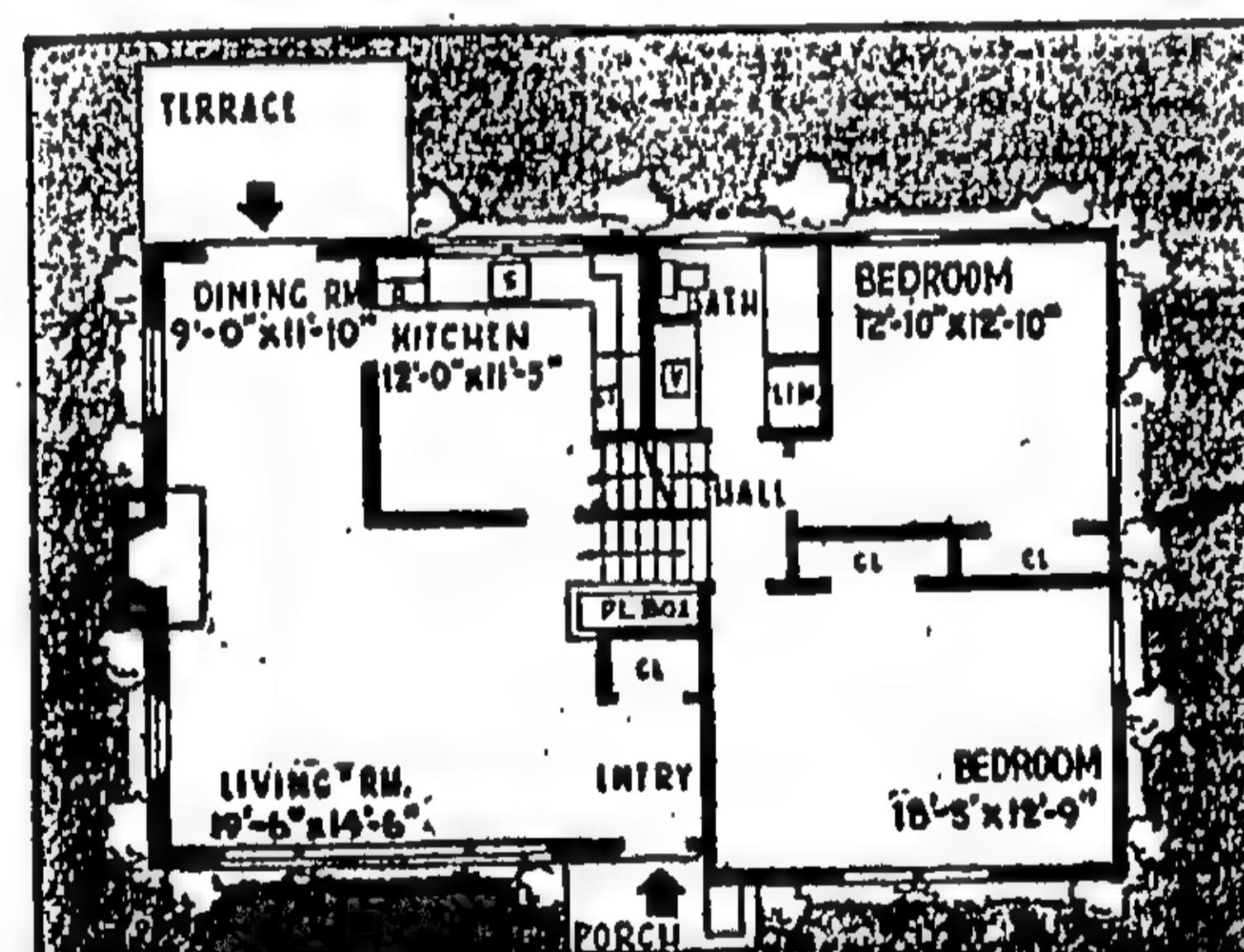
The decorating possibilities are numerous. Wall space between two windows allows just the right space for a bed headboard. For decorative purposes, you could run a cornice from window to window, providing wall interest over the bed!

Despite the multi-level plan, there are no long flights of stairs. It's always just a few steps up or down from basement to garage, garage to living room, living room to both bedroom floors. That's something the homemaker will appreciate. There's nothing like stairs to wear a woman out if she has to run up and down them a hundred times a day, and it seems as though she usually does.

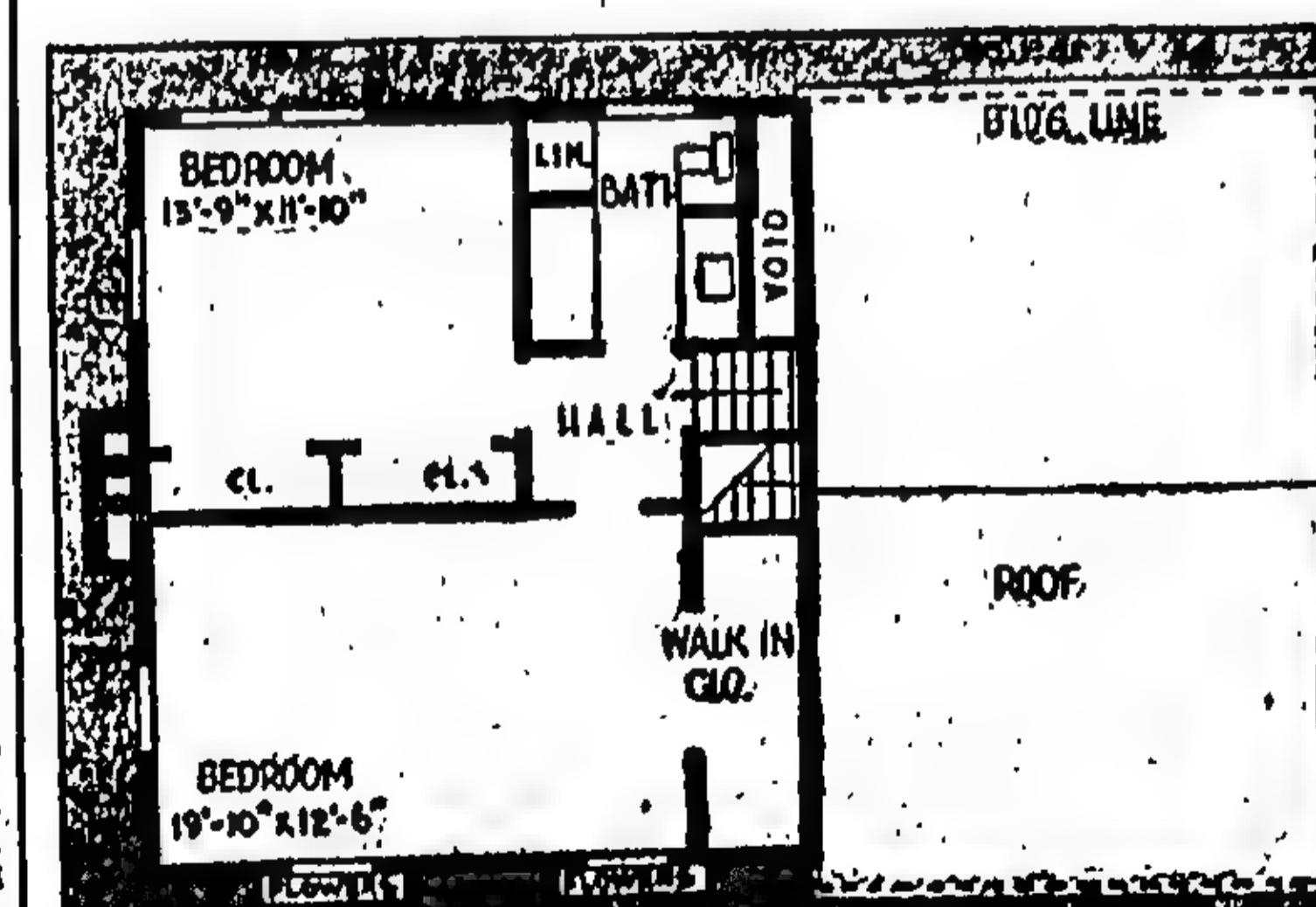
Design H-318-KF comprises 30,291 cubic feet.



ONE WAY TO DECORATE master bedroom is to use a window-to-window cornice, which provides something unusual in wall interest.



AN ATTRACTIVE INNOVATION is a planting box placed by the short flight of steps that leads up from main level to the bedrooms.



A SECOND LEVEL of bedrooms over the living area features one with double closets, a second with a very spacious walk-in closet.

Enjoy The Sunset At Dinnertime

CITY people sometimes forget there's a sunset the setting sun.

Dinner
Boat Salad Chiffonade
Beef Rechauflé in Rice Ring
Asparagus on Toast
Raspberry Chocolate Cream

Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea MILK

All Measurements Are Level

Recipes Serves 4 to 6

Beef Rechauflé Add 1 beef bouillon cube to 1 (1 lb.) tin sliced vegetables or a 10-oz. pkg. cooked frozen mixed vegetables and heat. Stir in 1 tbsp. tomato ketchup mixed with 1 tbsp. browned flour and 1 tbsp. butter.

When boiling, add 24x3 c. small-diced remnants of tender cooked beef, and 1 tbsp. minced parsley. Serve in a rice ring.

Raspberry Chocolate Cream

Make up 1 pkg. raspberry-flavoured gelatin using ½ c. boiling water.

Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate in 1 ½ c. milk; add 1 tbsp. milk to 2 beaten egg yolks, stir in, and cook and stir over hot water until slightly thickened. Add to the raspberry gelatin.

Refrigerate 30 min., or until beginning to thicken. Fold in the 2 remaining egg whites beaten stiff. Chill until firm.

When set, slice or shred. Garnish with whipped cream or top with a few cubes of half-thawed frozen raspberries.

LET 'EM EAT ROSES

Right here we would like to

Add two teaspoons of ginger and one teaspoon of cinnamon to four or five cups of boiling water, with six tea bags. Serve with ice for a tasty iced tea.

To give men's shirts a longer life, treat them often. To ensure even wear, always put newly laundered shirts at the bottom of the pile. Wash-out shirts

in the wash machine, then cover clothes in the closet. Cut off the sleeves, turn the shirts inside out and lay them flat.

To utilize thin slivers of toilet soap, save up a "patch," cut into fine strips, soak in water, and simmer clothes in the closet. Cut off the sleeves, turn the shirts inside out and lay them flat.

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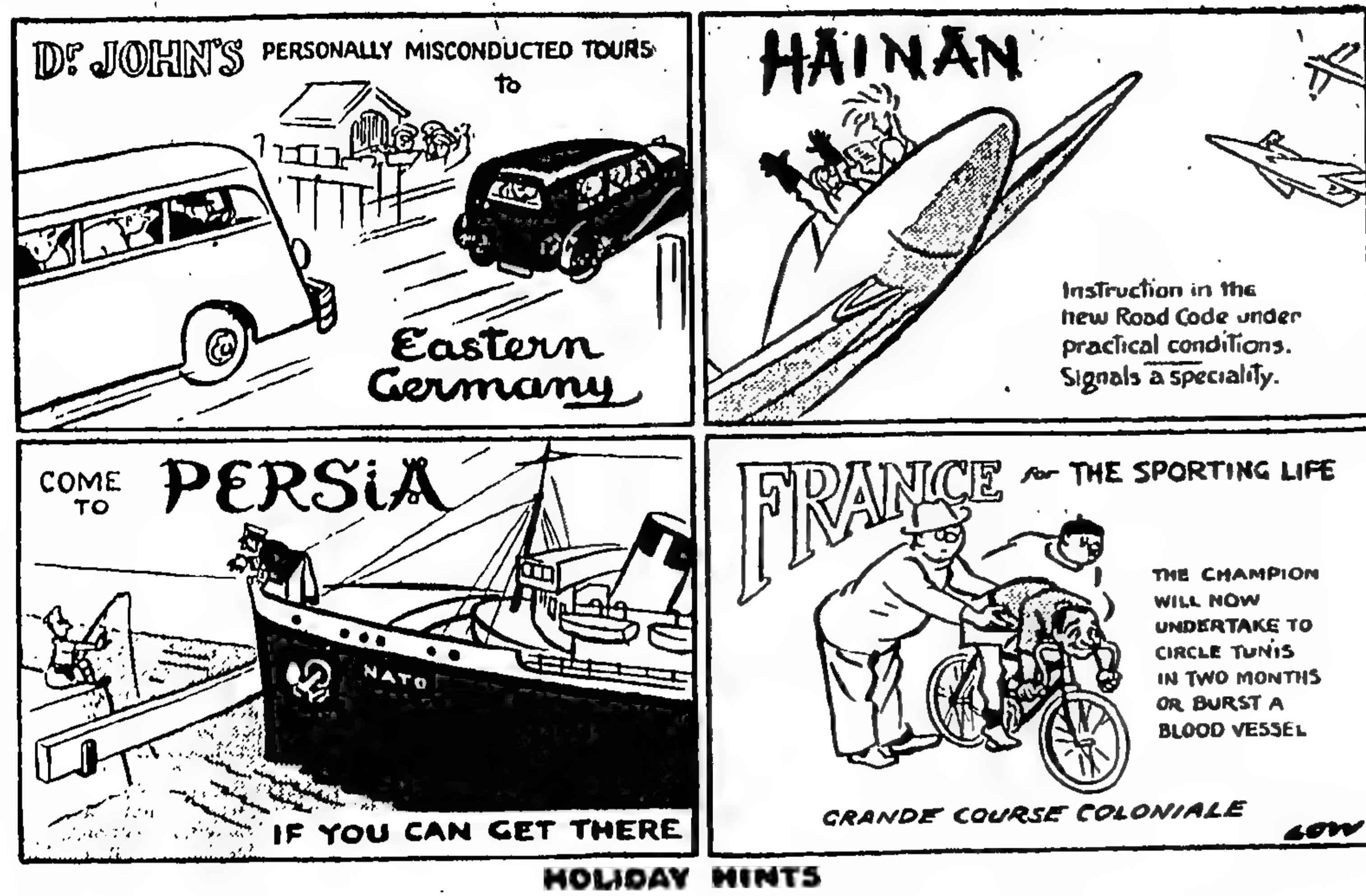
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HOLIDAY HINTS

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THE KREMLIN - A YEAR AFTER BERIA

By WALTER KOLARZ

IN the year that has elapsed since the disgrace of L. P. Beria, the composition of the Soviet hierarchy has undergone considerable changes. The triumvirate, Malenkov-Beria-Molotov, has given way to the duumvirate, Malenkov-Khrushchev. Who is the more powerful, Malenkov, the Prime Minister, or Khrushchev, the First Party Secretary? I do not think that anybody in the West can answer this question with any certainty for the time being.

It is a fact, however, that of all the Soviet leaders, Khrushchev has benefited most from Beria's fall, and that his position has been consolidated during the past year. It was Khrushchev who was the main speaker at two vital sessions of the Soviet Communist Party Central Committee—in September 1953 and February 1954—which hammered out a new, more active, Soviet agrarian policy. Khrushchev was the chief delegate of the Soviet Communist Party to recent Communist congresses in Poland and Czechoslovakia, Russia's two European satellites with the strongest industrial potential.

During the celebration to mark the tercentenary of Russian-Ukrainian union Khrushchev was singled out for particular praise. At the jubilee session of the Ukrainian Supreme Soviet, the First Party Secretary of the Ukraine, Krushchenko, emphasized Khrushchev's part in all the achievements of the Ukraine between 1938 and 1949. According to the official minutes of the session this eulogy was twice interrupted by applause.



KHRUSHCHEV

But even more significant was the speech which Puzanov, Premier of the Russian Federation, delivered at the jubilee session of the Supreme Soviet of the R.S.F.S.R. He said: "In organising the rout of the interventionists and the internal counter-revolutionary forces, and also in the work of reinforcing Soviet power in the Ukraine, there participated outstanding representatives of the Party: I.V. Stalin, V.M. Molotov, K.E. Voroshilov, M.V. Frunze, N.S. Khrushchev, F.E. Dzerzhinsky, M.I. Kalinin, L.M. Kaganovich."

Malenkov was left out of this list of leading Party personalities who have had a prominent share in Ukrainian history; Khrushchev and three other members of the present Party Presidium were mentioned. If Malenkov were about to become a new leader, a real successor to Stalin, he would have been included in any list of meritorious Party chiefs whatever the historical facts.

Malenkov and Khrushchev have become joint heads of a collective team, the other members of which keep closely to their departmental spheres. Foreign policy has remained in the hands of Molotov, though clearly under the guidance of the Party Presidium. The two new leaders have remained in close collective responsibility with the Presidium, as has always been the case in the past.

up steadily Soviet trade which has always been the special domain of Mikoyan, who has also taken a hand in liquidating the confusion which the Berlin crisis caused in his native Armenia. Kaganovich seems to have abandoned the overall coordination of industry and to be devoting his attention more specially to transport problems which have clearly emerged as one of the main anxieties of the regime.

In literature and the arts differences no less important have come to light. There the alternative is between orthodox Zhdanovism, i.e. strict and merciless regimentation, and a more liberal policy which allows writers and artists to impart a more personal touch to their work. There are obviously certain high-ranking Party men who have acted as patrons of the victims of Zhdanovism, for instances of Zoshchenko and Pasternak. Soviet literary journals have suddenly resumed publication of their works. But there is another group which anxiously watches any departure from the Zhdanov line and which has been powerful enough to have Zoshchenko and Pasternak attacked in the press.

The only case in which the division of work and power between the Kremlin potentates has been carried out not on a functional but on a territorial basis is that of Posturarenko, a candidate-member of the Politburo. He has taken over the direction of Party affairs in Kazakhstan.

Is there complete harmony in this post-Stalin and post-Beria Kremlin or is the world confronted with a new struggle for power? There is no direct information available. Nevertheless, there are signs that a fight is going on behind the scenes.

Certain conflicting views which have come into the open during the past few months indicate that both politicians and theoreticians of the Soviet

contradictions. The desire to accommodate local non-Russian Communists by concessions has alternated with arbitrary action in the opposite direction and with demonstrative re-emphasis of the arrogant doctrine of Russia as the "elder brother".

Developments to date, following Stalin's death and Beria's disgrace, may only be a foretaste of things to come. Falling the emergence of a new dictator, the internal differences, having been unleashed, are likely to grow to complicate still further the Soviet domestic scene.

FOOTNOTE: It is not possible to determine the exact date of Beria's disgrace. The first indication of it was his failure to attend a performance at the Bolshoi Theatre on June 27, 1953, at which all the other full members of the Party Presidium were present. The meeting of the Central Committee expelling Beria must have taken place at the beginning of July, but the official announcement was not made until July 10.

The policy of the Kremlin towards the non-Russian nationalities, for example, has of late been full of



MALENKOV

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A KILLER WILL STRIKE TODAY

From Donald Ludlow

New York. SOMEONE in New York will be murdered today. Twenty-seven New Yorkers will be brutally assaulted — punched, kicked, coshed and left helpless.

How do I know? Because it happens every single day. New York's grim-faced Police Commissioner Francis Adams, the man who has been given a free hand for six months to clean up the city, has just made this bitter announcement over TV.

Take the most sensational aspect of the biological controversy, the personality of Academician Lysenko. For instance. During the past few months Lysenko has been repeatedly attacked, obviously with the backing of somebody very high up. Khrushchev himself, who was the first to open the offensive against him. Nevertheless, Lysenko has been able to keep his job in the Party.

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CARNIVAL—THE TIME OF LIFE I LOVE

NANCY SPAIN

on the new books

DO you, as I do, love fairgrounds? Do you hang around them in the summer wondering how to read palms, what it feels like to ride the wall of death, and exactly what profits there are in that glittering game of chance with the wheel of flickering lights?

Yes? Then William L. Gresham's **MONSTER MID-WAY** (Collins, 13/-) is the book for you. Take it to the fairground with you and

learn some hard facts about carnival life...

William Gresham has been mad about fairs ever since a kind freak who could only use his arms noticed that Gresham's feet hurt.

"That half-man acrobat could look straight into the heart of his fellow men," says Gresham, who thinks people who work in carnivals are much kinder and more tolerant than ordinary human beings. That is why he prefers the "carny" folk.

Oh, yes. So-called freaks are lovely people. Mr Gresham knows lots of them and has lots of heart-warming stories to tell.

He makes a list of the virtues he found on the fairgrounds while he was researching for this book: Justice, prudence, temperance, fortitude; faith, hope, and charity.

And all that colour and all those lights as well, give me the fairground every time.

Captain Newell, another midget, who married Lavinia's sister Minnie (2ft. 1in.), was so upset when Minnie died that he left show business altogether, settled in England, married a full-sized woman, had two full-sized children, and died at the age of 60, well loved and well respected...

Mrs Jones was 60 years younger than he was. She was a famous beauty, a splendid hostess, and a wit. Certainly she struck the happiest of notes out of the Iron Duke.

"I understand we are to have the hounds here," he wrote to her at the age of 82, "which may detain me for some hours, as I conclude the people will not be satisfied if I should not take a gallop with them."

When she asked him to sit for his portrait to please her, he wrote:

"An hour is the least that (an artist) will in reality require—and for every hour of the sitting the sitter must reckon upon three hours' interruption of occupation. This loss must be of the earliest hours of the day, and those in which the command of light is the most perfect. This is a serious affair to a man, every moment of whose time during the 24 hours is allotted."

Lucky, lucky Mrs J. to inspire such correspondence. But it is nice to know that when Mr Jones died he married again, happily, an Irish baronet: Sir Richard Levingle.

These memorial, or "Kuyo" services, are traditional in Japan and are held for flies that are swatted, mosquitoes that are sprayed, food that is eaten and even needles which have been broken. Few "Kuyo" services in recent years, however, have been so widespread as the services in memory of the fallen locks.

Shaven-headed priests preside over the services in which a traditionally kimoned girl (in a heavy wig) and a Hepburnised girl kneel side by side offering incense and prayers and burning incense sticks in memory of the "departed" hair of so many thousands of mind-minded Japanese girls.

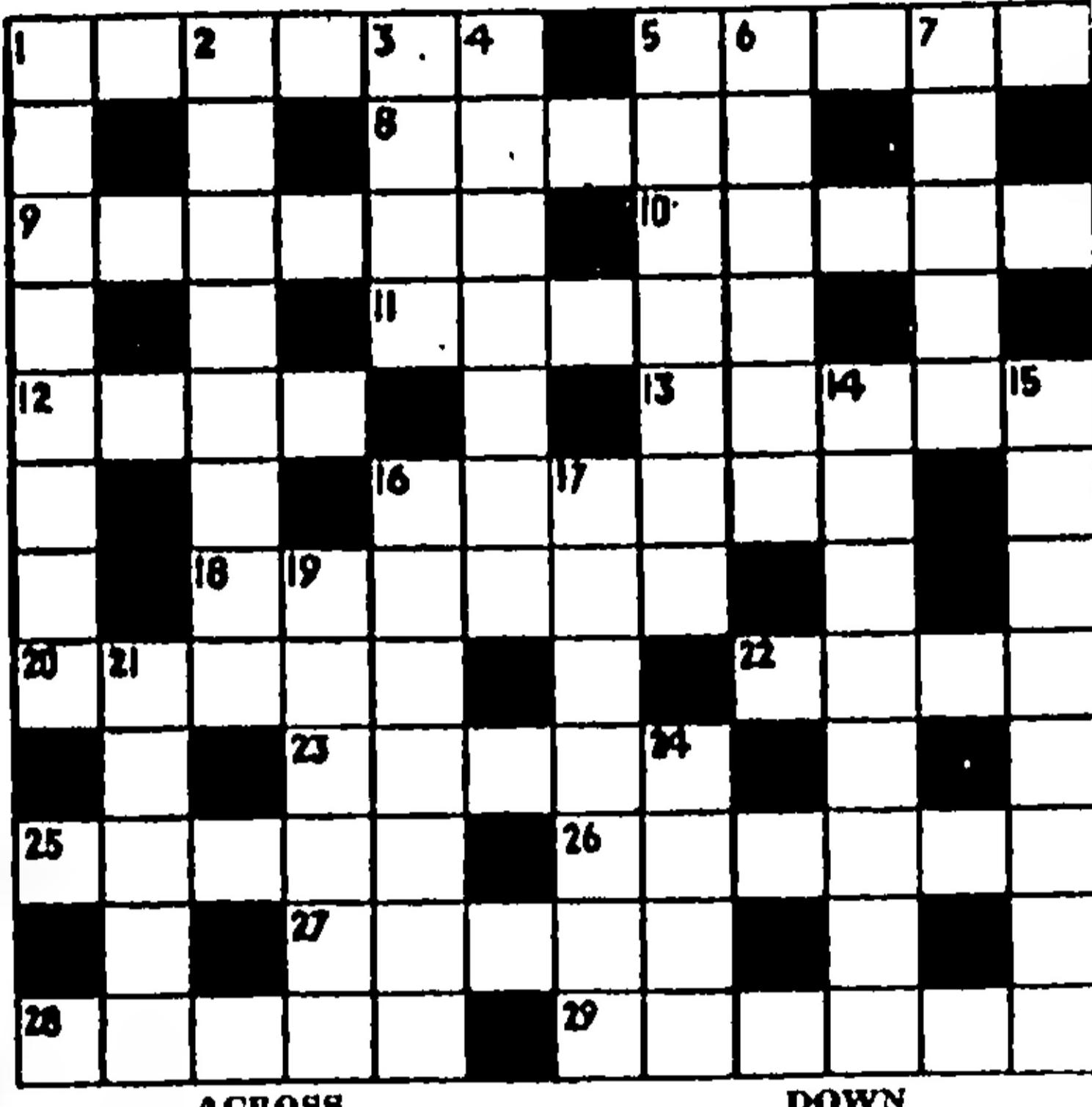
A survey (official) comments: "It was discovered that a man is more apt to make a friendly pass at a girl in a department store than on a street car."

The statistics seem to back this up. Out of every hundred brides married in West Germany today an average of 40 are former salesgirls.

SUBMARINE SANCTUARY The world's first underwater chapel has just been opened in Spain. Situated at La Falconera de Garraf, on the Mediterranean coast, a few miles from Barcelona, the chapel has just been dedicated in a unique ceremony in which the officiating priest dived down into a cave where he set up a statue of the Virgin Mary.

The cave chosen for the chapel is one of the biggest of the underwater caves lining Spain's Mediterranean coast. Inside the chapel are provided by natural underwater flowers, while the statue—mounted on a luminous base—has been installed in a natural crannial which exploring frogmen found near the entrance to the cave.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

DOWN

1. Value (6).
5. Division of an army (6).
8. Small pool (6).
9. Modern aid to navigation (5).
11. Doctrine (5).
12. Scold (4).
13. Strongholds (5).
16. Safe (6).
18. Barbarian (6).
20. At that point (6).
22. Storage chamber (4).
23. Girl's name (6).
25. Cut of meat (6).
27. Exclude (6).
28. Offer in excuse (6).
29. Chief (6).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3. Lamp, 7. Barn, 8. Owner, 9. Blank, 10. Defect, 12. Efts, 13. Sober, 18. Bows, 19. Lions, 21. Trade, 22. Street, 23. Roles, 24. Dyes, 25. Serials, 26. Film, 27. Pull, 28. Hat, 29. Down: 1. Head, 2. Hair, 3. Pock, 4. Peas, 5. Hilt, 6. Cow, 7. Food, 8. Sausages, 9. Ripe, 10. Rind, 11. Candy, 12. Residue, 13. Food, 14. Saus, 15. Riper, 16. Blud, 17. Sage, 18. Residue, 19. Sled, 20. Residue, 21. Plain, 22. Volk, 23. Spar.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

3D Notes

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

IS HE RICHEST MAN? The intriguing question is again being raised by stories that he is a publicly-shy Texan, 64-year-old Haroldson Lafayette Hunt.

The latest estimate of his wealth is \$2,000,000,000. That figure is undoubtedly wildly exaggerated, just like his annual income—\$50,000,000 a year.

In more conservative quarters it is believed he draws in no more than \$12,000,000 a year.

Mr Hunt, a handsome six-footer weighing 14 stone, has four sons and two daughters. He is one of the fabulous group of Texan oil men who collectively comprise the world's richest men.

He has oil wells in 14 states and Canada and has such vast farm acres that they are estimated to be worth \$200,000,000.

IN MEMORIAM Because the film "Roman Holiday" has led (by way of film star Audrey Hepburn's hairstyle) to thousands of Japanese girls cutting off their silken locks to follow the Audrey fashion, Japanese Buddhists are organizing ceremonial services all over the country "in memory" of the massed locks.

Even beauty parlour operators in several cities have gone along to their local temples to ask "forgiveness" for having tortured and cut to death so much glorious hair.

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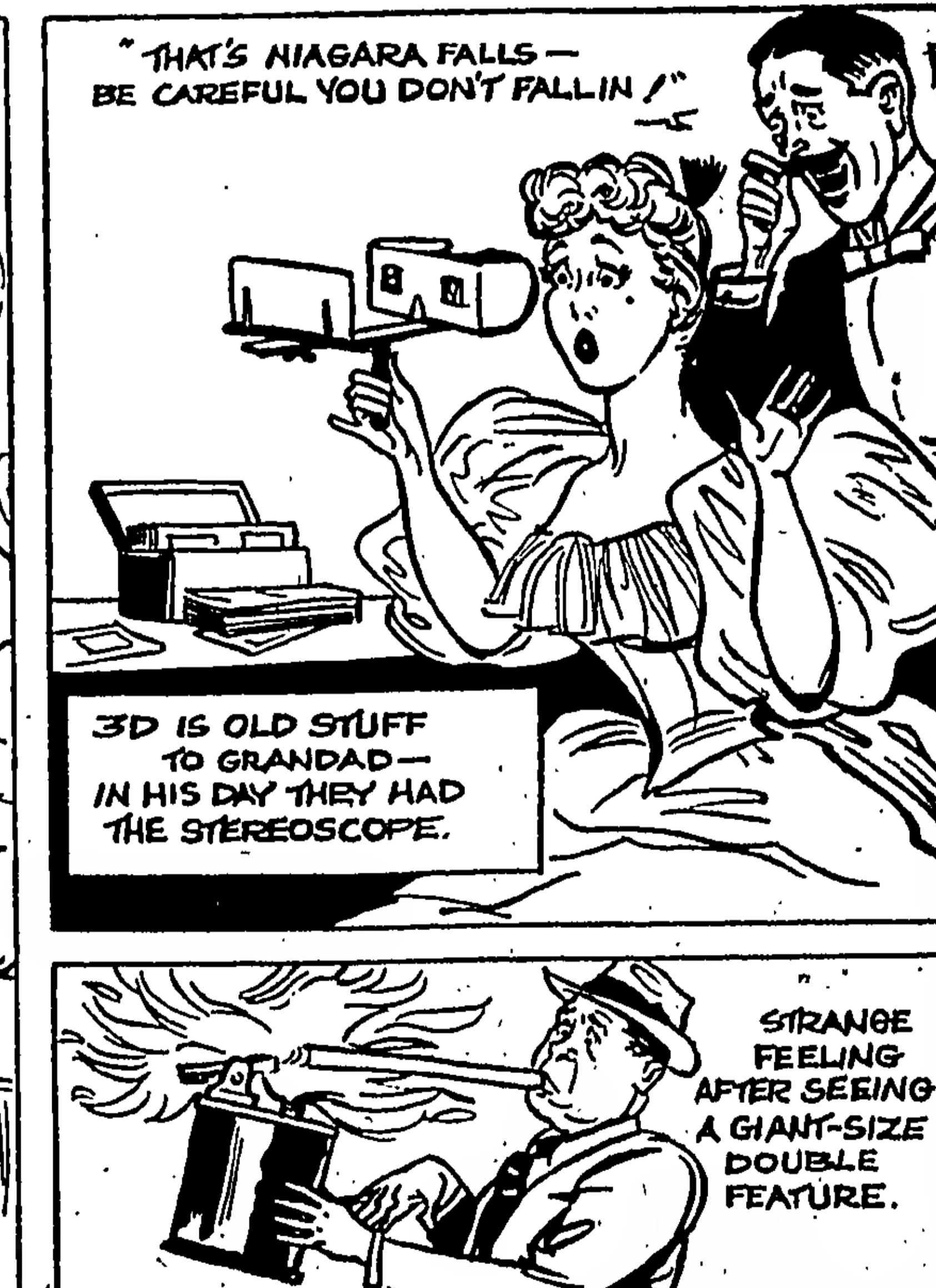
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BY HARRY WEINERT



In the inaugural Mass the congregation attended the chapel suitably dressed in slippers and goggles.

NOT POPULAR To Hollywood magnates who thought 3-D "deepies" were the answer to television's attractions came sorry news from Britain this week.

Less than one in every hundred British cinemagoers visits a 3-D show. And only 176 of nearly 5,000 cinemas in Britain have thought it worth while to screen the "deepies".

Up north, where Britons like their pleasures to be simple, neither 3-D nor wide screen has proved financial success.

Cinemagoers, it is said, enjoy a "deepie" more as a novelty than anything else.

But they dislike paying extra for the special spectacles and find wearing them irksome. And they find 3-D is neither so rewarding nor so satisfying as the conventional screen.

ROAD Nearly half the people in SENSE who sought a motor driving licence in Britain last year failed their first driving test, according to official figures.

The chief reason, according to a leading motoring school: lack of experience and theoretical training, including the Highway Code and theory of mechanism. Secondary reason:

Examiners despite occasional criticism, seemed very fair. Sometimes the drivers were failed on points which seemed small, but which would nevertheless cause accidents.

Do women make worse drivers than men? No, according to the school. But when a woman is bad—she tends to be very, very bad.

DUKE BOX In an effort to FOR SUBS make the cramped quarters of a submarine more habitable (and glamorous) the U.S. Navy is to introduce several experimental "changes" in the USS Bergall, veteran of World War II.

A "dinette" which doubles as a lounge is being installed in the crew's quarters where the men can play cards and where coffee and snacks will be available 24 hours a day. There will even be a nickel-in-the-slot juke box with 100 records to choose from.

A soundproof wall between the lounge and the sleeping-quarters will enable the night watch to slumber undisturbed. For those who want to read in bed, there will be plug-in lights over each bunk.

LEFT Among the 20,000 ON BUS items left on Birmingham Corporation buses and never claimed was a wooden leg. The property is now being sold, and includes wedding rings, false teeth and umbrellas by the dozen, and umbrellas by the thousand.

One of the best bargains was obtained by a little girl who paid threepence for a purse, inside she found half a crown.

At Nottingham, hundreds of gloves left on city buses have been auctioned. Also in the sale were 18 safety clips which women fix to their handbags to stop gloves getting lost.

HARMONY romance among the oboes nearly RESTORED turned the Durham Municipal Symphony into a success.

Trouble was that the second oboe player fell in love with the third oboe player. They got married.

But the municipal council doesn't permit husbands and wives to be jointly on the orchestra payroll. Thereupon the second oboe player got her notice.

No competent oboe players were available to replace her, however, and she has been hired again.

SPORTING OF HIM Leopoldo Oberst O-Cruzeiro of Monte-video went to interview football star Obdulio Varela—the show was better than any football match.

Obdulio said he wouldn't be interviewed.

Leopoldo said he was going to sit on the doorstep until Obdulio came out—announcing he would stay for 120 hours if necessary.

With his back propped against the door, he stayed for 42 hours while a crowd of several hundred cheered. Eventually Obdulio gave in.

GOLDEN Now it's gold legs for the girls. At the Paris fashion show Jacques Fath introduced gold-threaded stockings—and garters studded with brilliants.

Fath figures they're good for sex appeal. Especially those garters.

GOOD TIMES FOR ALL The Israeli government believes its citizens ought to go out and have a good time pretty regularly.

Accordingly, the Treasury has issued what amounts to a national spending permit for all citizens. It is valid for 12 months and entitles the holder to a 10 per cent discount on all kinds of entertainment.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

First Hearing Of Bebe Daniels And Ben Lyon Over Radio Hongkong

The first of a series of programmes starring Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon—the American team who have become almost British by adoption, with their children Barbara and Richard—can be heard on Friday evening at 8.30.

This show, which was a tremendous success when it was first broadcast on the Light Programme of the BBC—is a series of domestic comedies in which the good-natured bickering of a devoted household, combined with situations stemming naturally from everyday happenings, produce a blend of reality and farce which has been the keynote of "Life with the Lyons" since its inception.

In the first programme, we meet the family returning home from a holiday in Switzerland. A suspicious encounter on the journey leads to their dutiful, if somewhat hysterical, pursuit of a foreign gentleman they believe to be a smuggler.

Timothy Birch will be in the studio on Monday evening at 9.15 to introduce a new programme of words and music which he has called "Off the Beaten Track".

It is a programme designed to introduce to listeners unusual recordings of many kinds, which, for one reason or another, are rarely heard.

His programme this week, for instance, includes Sir John Gielgud reading a selection of English poetry, an amusing sketch on country life by Bernard Miles called "Me and Old Charlie", and some Korean folk music.

DRAMA

In "Wednesday Theatre" this week, at 9 p.m. Radio Hongkong is broadcasting an Irish comedy—"Drama at Irish". Though the play ends happily, there are some anxious moments before the little Irish seaside resort of Irish recovers from a season of "Higher Drama", provided by a touring repertory company.

The reaction of the simple folk to some of the more discouraging works of Ibsen, Tolstoy and Chekhov provides "Drama at Irish" with some delightful comedy. The play was arranged for broadcasting by the author, Lennox Robinson.

"THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR"

The new Sunday evening serial from RIK is "The Bride of Lammermoor", the most tragic of Sir Walter Scott's romances, on which Donizetti's opera "Lucia di Lammermoor" is based.

Set in East Lothian near the sea about the year 1695, the theme of the story is unfolding of an ancient prophecy concerning the last Laird of Ravenswood.

The story has been adapted for radio by James Crampsey, and the first part can be heard at 8.30 tomorrow evening.

MUSIC

In the recital this week on Wednesday evening at 8.30, music lovers can hear what is, in Hongkong an unusual combination—"The Nordoff Chamber Group"—comprising three clarinets and one euphonium.

The members of the group are serving in Hongkong with the Band of the Royal Norfolk Regiment, who will be leaving the Colony shortly.

They have chosen for their programme two Fugues for Clarinet and Bassoon by Bach; "Irish Fantasy" by Harold Payne, who is a member of the "Group", and Divertimento in B Flat Major by Mozart K 229/2.

The second recital this week from Radio Hongkong is on Friday at 7.05 p.m. when listeners can hear the accomplished artist, Valentine Abaza who will give a short violin recital. Miss Abaza will play two pieces by the Polish composers Wieniawski—"Polonaise", and Fantaisie "Faus" on Gounod's. She will be accompanied by Moya Rea.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

TODAY

12.30 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY
SONGS FROM THE NEWS
"Drum, Land," with Pat McHugh, Barbara Leigh, Jimmy Young, Johnny Walker, Billy Toren and His Concert Orchestra.
PROGRAMME BY JOHN WOOD.
12.45 TIME SIGNAL, STRINGS OF THE PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
12.45 NEWCASTER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
12.50 LUNGTUNES MUSIC.
FORCES PROGRAMMES.

Jimmy Castle, Mississippi Mud—
Quickeep—Jimmy Castle and Ensemble; One Dancer, Rosalie—
Quickeep—Buddy Rogers (vocal);
Quickeep—Duke Ellington and his Orchestra; With you here—Slow Fox Trot—Vidéo Silverster and his Ballroom Orch; The Theme from the film "Limeight" (Fox Trot)—Vidéo Silverster and his Ballroom Orch.
10.55 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.15 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.
11.20 Walk alone—Fox Trot; Be anything you want to be—Slow Fox Trot; Just a little love—Slow Fox Trot; Kiss of fire—Tango—The Blacksmith Blues—Footrot—Ralph Flanagan and his Ballroom Orch.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

10.00 A.M. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY AND WORLD NEWS.
10.02 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
Presented by Theresa.
10.03 STUDIO: MORNING MELODY.
Marjovian and His Orchestra.
Mexican Starlight, Hejico, Kall, Carillon, Alpino (On Name Name), Intermezzo (Harold Smart organ), Gipsy Trumpeter.
10.30 RELAY OF THE CLEVEREST OF MUSICAL PROM PTM.
JOSEPH CHURCH.
Preacher: The Rev. Father E. Burke, S.J.
11.20 INTERLUDE.
11.30 MORNING PROM.
Academic Festival Overture, Op. 89 (Brahms); The London Symphony Orchestra; Directed by Dennis Keane; Horns, Capriccio, Op. 16 (Mendelssohn); Musica Levitatis (Piano); Royal Fireworks Music—Suite (Handel); Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orch of Amsterdam.
12.00 NOON ITALIAN SONGS OF LOVE.
Luciano Virgili (Tenor).

Tell me that you love me; Let me sing a song; Shining Host; I lost my sleep.

12.15 P.M. STUDIO: SPORTS TIME.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 VARIETY HIGH LIGHTS.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

1.02 STUDIO: UNIT REQUESTS.
Presented by Linda. CALLING LADY REHEARSAL FIELD REGIMENT.

1.05 LBS CLOCHE DE CORNEVILLE — L'IOU OPERA.
1.10 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
Presented by Helen.
1.20 "SWING FROM PARIS".
Hot Club of France.
Swingin' Sweets—Sweet George Brown, Daphne, H. C. Strut (Belindah Gappelli)—Quintet of the Hot Club.

1.45 ACCENT ON RHYTHM.
Roseanne Shuffie Count Basie and His Orch. Two Fat Poles. The Accented Sisters (vocal, Jim Miller, Bob) and their Orch. Bob Zuker (Piano). Around the corner—To Stafford (vocal) with the Norman Loft Chorus and Orchestra. The Big Blue Bell Guy Mitchell (vocal) with Mitch Miller and his Orch. Accented Bugsie Boy—Blue Jean Chorus. Bugsie Boy—Blue Jean Chorus. His Hot Shots in Drumsetastics.

2.00 WEATHER REPORT.
2.00 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

2.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
2.15 FORCES FAVOURITES.
2.00 GURNEY CRICKET GROUNDS.

A talk by Ernest Eyle.

2.30 STUDIO: PAKISTAN.
Commentaries on the third day's play at the Oval.

2.45 STUDIO: SCOUTS MAGAZINE.

2.50 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

3.10 LISTENERS' CHOICE.

Light music.

3.20 STUDIO: RADIO NEWSPRINT.
ALL FOR YOUR DELIGHT.

3.30 FORCES FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).

3.40 TIME SIGNAL, COMPOSER OF THE WEEK (LONDON RELAY).

3.50 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

3.55 STUDIO: PAKISTAN.

Further commentaries.

3.55 TIME SIGNAL, SHORT STORY.

4.45 STUDIO: MUSIC OF IRVING BERLIN — KINGSMAN PRO-MENADE ORCH.

Couple of swells; Just to Check; Say it isn't so; Piccino.

4.50 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.

Festroits; Who wouldn't love you (vocal); The King's Rhapsody; Kay Kyser and his Orch; Old New England Moon—Walker.

4.55 STUDIO: RHYTHM ENSEMBLE.

Fox-trot (vocal); Hiss Street Blues—Fox-trot (vocal); Jan Garber and His Orchestra; Whispering Fox-trot—Fox-trot (vocal); Indiana Quickstep—Dinah—Fox-trot; Tea for two—Fox-trot; Little Nellie and His Five Pennies; featuring Jack Teagarden, Benny Goodman, Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Gene Krupa, Duke Ellington, Adrian Rollini; Mama's gone, Goodbye—Fox-trot—orch; Side by side—Fox-trot—vocal by the Band with the Band.

4.55 TIME SIGNAL, RHYTHM ENSEMBLE.

5.00 THE SINGER OF THE FIELD.

A poetry anthology.

5.15 STUDIO: THE DANCE OF LIFE.

5.20 STUDIO: THE PROFESSIONAL SERVICE.

5.25 STUDIO: THE DANCE OF LIFE.

5.30 STUDIO: THE DANCE OF LIFE.

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SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



TALK ABOUT A FUSS, NOW THE VIRUS HAS CAUGHT ON IN AUSTRALIA

Says ARCHIE QUICK

Talk about a fuss, what is cricket coming to? There was a fuss over the question of Len Hutton or David Sheppard for the captaincy in Australia. It was really a storm in a teacup engendered by the more sensational of the national newspapers. In fact, Sheppard was merely a stand-in for a couple of Tests because Hutton was injured. It was as simple as that once Len had declared his willingness and physical fitness to make the trip.

Now the virus has caught on in Australia. Lovable Lindsay Hassett has come to the end of his career, and what a to-do there is blowing up over his successor. Arthur Morris or Keith Miller are the popular selections, but a third man, Ian Johnson, is quietly being introduced into the scheme of things.

It all arises over the Inter-State jealousies which exist between New South Wales and Victoria. The former naturally wants either Miller or Morris; Victoria may plump for Johnson, who was omitted from the last tour of England the same way as Miller was left out of the last party to tour South Africa. The irony of it is that Miller is Melbourne-born.

Miller is the NSW captain, Morris their vice-captain. Hassett stood down from the Victoria Skipper's job in favour of Johnson before he retired. It all amounts to a lot of jockeying. Hassett's move may be a straw in the wind that would point to Johnson going ahead, but it would say that the odds are still in favour of Miller. They can hardly appoint his State vice-captain above him.

Miller is a flamboyant personality. Can cricket afford to ignore such colourful people, even if the England team does not include another such personage as Fred Trueman?

The game is poorer without them, and goodness knows the game is not in a strong enough position of popularity to pick and choose. When you think of the great Test captains of the past from both countries you cannot help feeling that Miller is just the man to join them.

As for Trueman, the Australians were not at all squeamish about the hostility and vigour appealing of their fast bowlers in the days when Warwick Armstrong captained Jack Gregory and Edgar McDonald in their all-out attack on England.

Ack "Fatty" Hendren and the rest of that era's batsmen, Black and blue all down their left sides was their lot. Hendren even went to the extent of appearing in a Lord's Test with padded armour! "I should have worn a boxer's training headgear too," he has said since.

THE TRAIL-BLAZERS

The success of Britain's middle and long distance runners with their 1-2-3 victories in the Empire and Commonwealth Games at Vancouver have stirred memories of those equally great athletes who, under inferior technical and track conditions, blazed the trails immediately after World War I.

Most of them came from Oxford and Cambridge Universities and ran in the colours of the famous Achilles Club. What a cavalcade they form—H. M. Abrahams, G. M. Butler, D.G.A. Lowe, E.D. Mountain, V. E. Morgan, H. B. Stoddart, Lord Burghley, C. A. J. Emery, K. S. Duncan.

Lord Burghley is now President of the Amateur Athletic Association, surprisingly crippled by giving building exhibitions too long after he had actively retired. Hon. "Sandy" Duncan is now Hon. Secretary of the British Amateur Athletic Board, and Harold Abrahams is the Amateur Athletic Association's Hon. Treasurer.

Behind the scenes, perhaps the two men of the representative bunch I have named who have done most to bring British athletics to their present high level are Abrahams and Butler—and in sharply contrasting ways.

Abrahams has the statistical mind that analyses races like a detailed actuarial looks at a column of figures. He is almost a purist approach to the sport, but by his own admission he has made so much easier the work of the appointed coaches and managers since Abrahams

can tell you in cold fact almost any timing or distance for years past, and its significance.

Guy Butler is a camera fiend. What Abrahams takes down in numerals he records on film and these valuable documentaries go the length and breadth of the land pointing out what is wrong and what is right in any given race.

Probably he was the greatest stylist of them all completely in rhythm and the poetry of motion. Quite twenty years ago I was shown a film showing his complete circular run of 300 yards in thirty seconds. It had been slowed down for study purposes, and the grace of it could not have been equalled by a yacht or a deer. Butler, by the way, still holds the official world record for this distance.

Comparatively, Bristol Rovers have just about the most successful post-war record of any club—tremendous ground improvements, Second Division football for the first time and an established place in the exalted company, no men transferred away, no big fees paid.

The whole structure of this success has been built on team spirit from players imbued in a civic pride.

Brighton are getting workouts from Manager Bill Lance which should qualify them for stage jobs as acrobats and jugglers. They walk about on their knees for suppleness, on their hands for balance, and run up and down the concrete terraces for additional poise, mostly running backwards.

Given a ball each, a dozen or so of them will mill around each other like a swarm of bees—this for ball control. In dribbling. Then they have to keep the ball bouncing on their heads, knees and insteps. What I did not see in a prolonged training spell was anyone shooting at goal!

Certainly, in the encouragement of team spirit, to be rated the highest of the necessities towards success, there is much to commend the ideas of Bristol Rovers, who went for a week under canvas in Somersetshire, and Brighton and Hove Albion, who sent their players for a week's holiday at Ostend. Much of the lackeiness of early training must have been obviated in these unusual surroundings. So much more enjoyable than lapping round and round the same old familiar football pitch.

Brighton's antics on the Belgian sands attracted hundreds

ALEC BEDSER'S Column

The Canadians' Tour— A Reminder That Cricket Is Played In America

In England for a short but intense tour are the Canadians—a reminder that cricket is played on the North American continent. Included in their programme is as novel a fixture Lord's has seen for many years—an unofficial Test with Pakistan, who were admitted to the Imperial Cricket Conference in 1952.

Several of the Canadians are West Indians, including that entertaining stroke-maker, Ken Trestrail, who was a member of John Goddard's triumphant party of 1950.

This sets me wondering whether the combined efforts of West Indians and Englishmen, now settled in Canada, will sow the seeds of cricket enthusiasm which will eventually lead to yet another country within the international circle.

A few years ago the MCC sent a side to Canada, and I remember R. W. V. Robins, the former England and Middlesex captain and now a selector, telling me how impressed he was with the interest in cricket there. I say the more cricket-playing countries the merrier, and good luck to Canada.

YANKEE ENTHUSIAST

And while I was writing the above paragraphs I received a letter from Mr A. W. Sayen junior, one of the keenest followers of cricket I have met. He lives in Princeton, New Jersey, and makes a habit of leaving America to watch Test matches.

He was present during the memorable struggle at Lord's in 1953 when England held Australia to a draw when everything seemed lost, and he turned up at Kingston, Jamaica, in the last series between the West Indies and England.

International Floodlit Soccer For Wembley?

Sir Arthur Elvin, chief of the world famous Wembley Stadium, hopes to have floodlit international football there this winter.

One bank of lights has already been installed in the stadium and has been tested. Officials are delighted with results.

But the complete installation of lights is expensive. Fitting out the whole stadium will cost more than £18,000.

To meet the expenses, Sir Arthur is demanding from the Football Association a guaranteed minimum of three games a year for three years.

If agreement is reached, Wembley's first floodlit match will be late in November. (London Express Service).

McCarthy To Fight Italian

Sammy McCarthy, smiling boy of British boxing, will meet Enrico Micali of Italy in London on August 24. It will be the 22-year-old Stepney boy's first fight since beating Ronnie Clayton for the British featherweight title. The contest will be over 10 rounds at 9st. 2lb. Micali represented Italy as a bantamweight in the 1952 Olympic Games. (London Express Service).

TREE-FELLERS ALL

Tyson, perhaps the fastest bowler in the world, is also a university man with a BA degree—a case of brawn allied to brain. Last winter he fell trees to improve his strength, and it is a curious coincidence that Alan Moss and Peter Loader undertook the same work in previous years.

Moreover, he plans to go to Sydney next year to watch one of the Tests in Australia.

This globe-trotting enthusiast was once a fast bowler of a side from Philadelphia, and has never lost his love for the game. He has now written a cricket book, which is in the hands of a London publisher, called "A Yankee Comments on Cricket," and intends to put all the profits towards a fund for retired English professional cricketers.

There is no such fund in operation at present, but it is the intention of this live-wire Yankee to launch one. I think that such an idea should spring from America. It's just like an Englishman living in London starting a fund in America for retired baseball players!

Mr Sayen junior (though he's 71) does not think English professionals are over-paid, and he devotes one chapter to comparing the salaries of cricketers and baseball players. While some cricketers, like myself, are fortunate enough to receive a fat benefit, it is true some leave the game without any substantial savings.

I have always been told that Americans are go-getters. Now I am beginning to believe in the truth of the saying!

HOW THE NEWS CAME

I have been checking up with my colleagues, chosen for the Australian tour, on how they heard the exciting news. Most heard it on the radio. I had actually just got off the train from Manchester, where I had been playing in the third Test against Pakistan, and switched on my car radio a minute before my name was announced.

Denis Compton was given the news by a writer, and Godfrey Evans by a garage attendant when he scopped for petrol. Keith Andrews' immediate thought was about his wedding, for he had arranged it at a date after the team sails on September 15.

As Keith was always a fair bet for the position of deputy wicket-keeper to Evans, I reckon he was a modest man not to plan for this emergency. Then he remembered he had also received notice of two weeks' Army training—also after the team was due to leave.

Keith, who like his colleague Frank Tyson has had only one full season's first-class cricket, will have to do quite a lot of replanning. They are the first Northumbrian professionals ever to be selected for an MCC tour of Australia, though, of course, F.R. Brown, captain of the 1950-51 team, played for the same county.

Wales Plans For The 1958 Empire Games

BRITISH and Best



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Outwards	Leaves London	Arrives Hongkong	Due Hongkong
"CARTHAGE"	2nd July	23rd August	23rd August
"CORFU"	10th August	20th September	20th September
"CANTON"	17th September	19th October	19th October
"CHUSAN"	1st October	5th November	5th November
Via Southampton, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang & Singapore			

Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Arrives London	Due London
"CARTHAGE"	20th August	26th September	26th September
"CORFU"	21st September	25th October	25th October
"CANTON"	24th October	22nd November	22nd November
"CHUSAN"	1st November	5th December	5th December
Via Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Aden, Port Said & London			

3 Loading 26th and 27th August.

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Outwards	Arrives	From	Leaves For
"SOMALI"	1st August	U.K.	
"SINGAPORE"	1st August	U.K.	Kobe, Yokohama
Homewards	Leaving	For	
"SOMALI"	22nd August	Singapore, Port Said, Aden, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Poet Said, Genoa, Marseilles, Haifa, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hamburg	

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	20th Aug.	for Japan
"ORDIA"	due 20th Aug.	from P. Gulf, Karachi & Bombay
"OKNA"	due 21st Aug.	from Japan

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Arrives Aug. 23 from Japan.
Sails Aug. 24 for Singapore, Port Swettenham, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Kuantan, Khorfunkhah, Kuwait & Bahrain.

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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

As Early As 2,000 Years Ago

Marble Games Were Popular Among Egyptian Boys

By EVA BRINKER

MAYBE Egyptian boys 2,000 years ago didn't yell: "Slip!" "No hissing!" and "Knuckle down!" but there is no doubt that Egyptian boys played marbles. Boys in old Rome played too. Their marbles were little round balls much like ours except that they were made of marble.

This is the way ours got their name—the first ones were of real marble, the beautiful stone we often see in public buildings.

Marbles nowadays aren't made of anything so expensive. Most are of clay, stone, or glass. Clay marbles are cheapest. They are balls of clay, coloured and baked. Boys usually call them "mibs" or "commys."

In Germany people make millions of marbles from stone. They break a hard stone into little square blocks with a hammer and put them in a mill. The mill has a flat stone and a block of oak that fits over it. About 100 or 150 blocks are placed between the slab of stone and the oak top. The oak is turned round and round as water flows over the stone.

The Prettiest

In just 15 minutes the stone blocks are worn to round marbles. At one town in Germany there are three of these mills, and they produce over 60,000 stone marbles in one week.

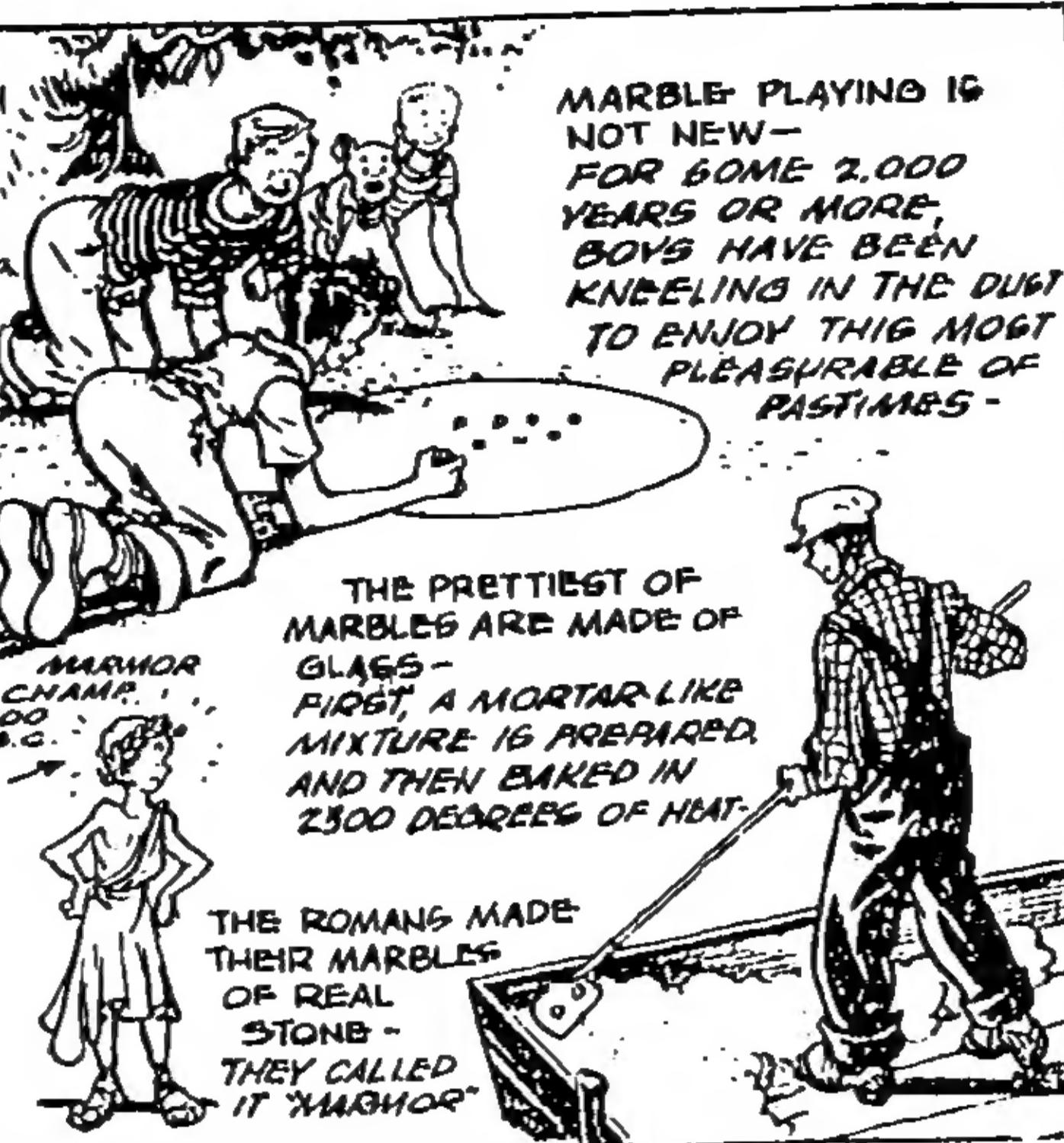
The prettiest marbles of all are made of glass. Just as a housewife mixes up eggs and flour and butter to make a cake, that is the way a glass maker mixes up his recipe for marbles. He weighs out the right amounts of a special kind of sand and several other materials, and puts them in a furnace.

When the mixture in the furnace gets to 2,800 degrees, it melts and the whole thing becomes like molasses. Now the men run it into a forming machine where it is moulded into little balls. Their colours depend on the particular recipe the glass maker used for this batch.

Many Uses

Have you ever seen a highway sign with raised glass letters? Those letters are formed of marbles set deep into the iron frame. Behind each marble is a tiny reflector. A car's

headlights catch the rays reflected through the marbles and the driver is warned to take care.



is discovered; this is the National Champion.

The boys from Egypt never games to travel.

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YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14

BORN today, you want mental activity and cultural advancement. In fact, they are of top importance to you. Although you might enjoy having material wealth, you would never sacrifice your love for the arts just to follow a commercial or business career which would bring you money alone.

You are affectionate and sincere. Although your magnetic personality will put you continually in contact with persons of importance, you are not one to neglect old friends for those who are more successful.

Your talents will bring you a comfortable living. Your personal tastes are simple. Though you enjoy beautiful things and want the best, you can be satisfied with less than the best!

You women have a talent for styling and might become fashion designers or interior decorators. In any event, your own homes will show the love you have for colour and beauty. You are excellent hostesses and know how to make all types of people welcome and happy. You might, if persuaded, speak in public, but you will need to overcome a certain tendency toward stage fright. You men might make good diplomats or politicians.

Among those born on this date were: John Gidsworthy, novelist and playwright; Henry Chew, flutist; Johannes Müller, physiologist; Owen Wister, author; and John Penn, statesman.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 15

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—All aspects are fine now. You should have a splendid day. Get out doors with friends in the country, if you can.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 22)—Today, some minor changes are about to start going your way again. The clouds have lifted.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)—Plan a happy time today. The stars say that friends and close relatives bring joy and happiness.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)—Think before you act. Don't permit impulse to upset your usually fine judgment if you want all to go well.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—The signs are very bright for you. Enjoy yourself thoroughly.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Perhaps you can combine business and pleasure over the week-end. An unusual opportunity may open.

BORN today, you have exceptional talents. It is one of the "near-genius" days of the year, and if you are not an outstanding success, then don't blame the stars! There is one thing you need to guard against: You have so many capabilities, it is easy to spread your interests over too wide a field rather than concentrate on some single objective.

You have tremendous energy, both physical and mental, and once you have set your mind toward a definite objective, you will reach it without fail. Fine as well as material wealth should be yours. You are a stern taskmaster with those who work under you, but since you work hard yourself, you naturally get co-operation. You are also generous with those who labour along with you, and you will share the rewards of your success.

You have a hot temper and must guard against saying things in anger that you regret later on. Fond of children, you want your own home and family. Wed at a fairly early age for the greatest happiness.

Among those born on this date were: Clement C. Moore, educator; Marjorie Rambeau and Ethel Barrymore, actresses; Sir Walter Scott, author; Edna Ferber, novelist; and Napoleon.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 16

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A fine day for business. Get it done that you may have been planning for a long time. It will succeed now.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 22)—If you have a new idea today, be quick to develop it, for you will find that it is an excellent one.

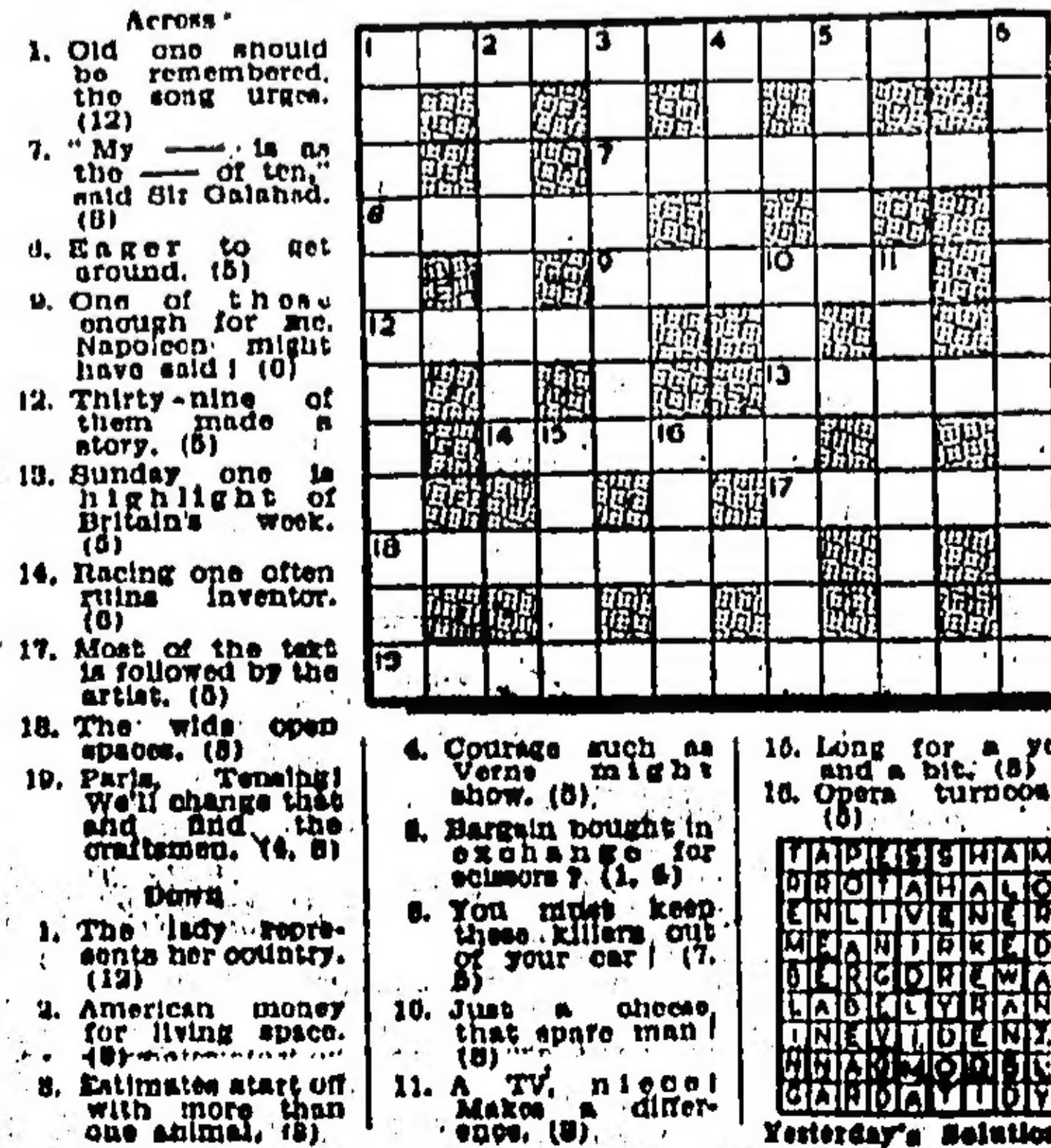
LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)—The conjunction of two favourable planets will bring you good fortune just now. Take full advantage.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)—Inspiration is well favoured today. Put an idea into operation and you will gain materially from it.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—You can make fine progress now. Business, the professions and even the arts are highly favoured.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—This is the day when a new idea on the job will pay dividends: commendation from the boss—maybe a raise!

CROSSWORD



"It's enough closet space for the clothes you'll have if we buy this house!"

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Faulty Guessing Will Backfire

NORTH 12
♦ K 7 2
♦ Q 6 5 2
♦ J 3
♦ A 9 1 3

WEST ♠ Q 10 3
♦ K 10 7 4
♦ K 9 7 5
♦ A 8 9

EAST ♡ A 10 5
♦ V 9 8 3
♦ 10 2
♦ 10 7

SOUTH (D) ♠ Q 6 2
♦ K 6 4
♦ None
♦ A 9 6 4
♦ A K J 6 2

East-West vul.

South West North East

1 0 Pass Pass Double

2 2 ♠ 3 ♠ 3 ♠

4 5 ♠ Pass Pass

Double Pass Pass

Passing lead ♠ 4

White, 9 pieces.

White to play mate in two.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. B-B2; threat 2. B+B1

3. R-K3; 2. P-Q4 (ch); 1. R-R6;

2. K1-K6 (ch); 1. R-K5; 2. K1-B7 (ch).



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DUMB-BELLS

DADDY, MAY I HAVE TWO PIECES OF THIS CANDY?

CERTAINLY, JUST BREAK WHAT YOU HAVE IN HALF

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